

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

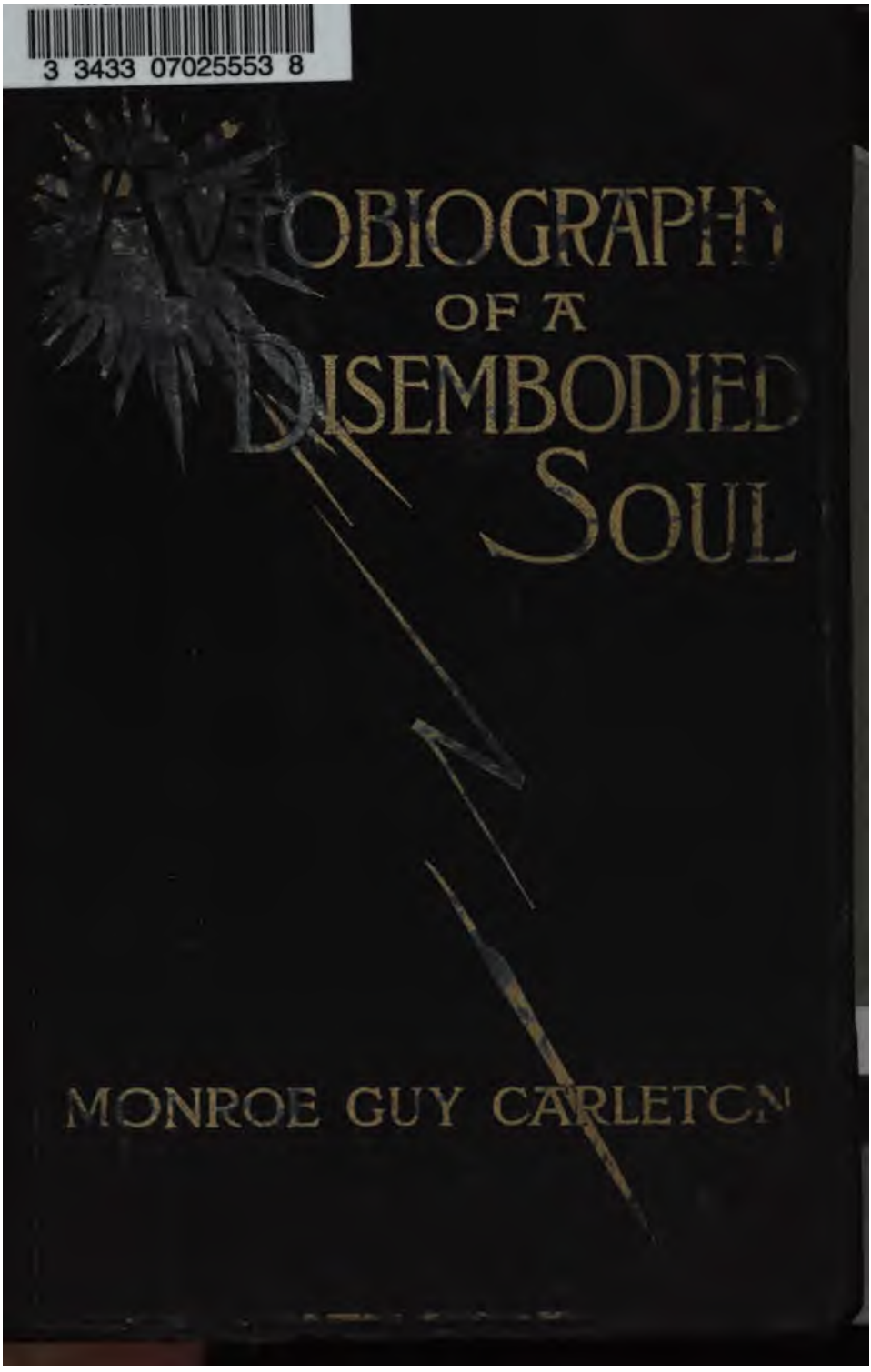
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07025553 8



AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A DISEMBODIED SOUL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A DISEMBODIED SOUL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L



"Strike, Man, Strike!"– *Page 55*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
DISEMBODIED SOUL

BY MONROE GUY CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED

A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—
Franklin.

VREELAND PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
597537 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1932 L

Copyrighted, 1907, by
MONROE GUY CARLETON
All Rights Reserved

This Book was first printed May, 1910

TO

WILLIAM A. BOLAND

THE PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN

THE CONSIDERATE AND COURTLY GENTLEMAN

THE TRUE AND GENEROUS FRIEND

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

LX 6365

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

DEATH—LIFE—THE SOUL.

Painlessness of Death—Sensations After Dissolution—Soul Life Phenomena—Thought the Vehicle of the Soul—The Deathless Entity Sexless—Contact with God's Spirit is Soul Life—All Thought or Mind Processes Seen by the Spirit Eye—Visibility of the Incorporeal Entity—Ignorance of Incarnate Beings—Egos in Eternity Taken at Their True Worth—World Fame Inconsequential—Man Created for Divine Companionship—No Ageing Where there is No Passing of Years—The Soul as a Sovereign Individualism the Greatest of Mysteries.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSALITY OF SOUL PRESENCE.

Disembodied Beings Never Sleep—They Witness Crime and Often Give Mortals Warning of Impending Danger.

CHAPTER III.

TWAIN TRAGEDIES.

Weird Mysteries Unveiled of Chamber and Dungeon That Are Known Only to Spirits.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD ESTATES.

The Earth a Vestibule of Cosmos—God's Spirit Nourishes All Life—Eternity's University—Spirit Activity—Sublimity of the Scenery of Chaos—Messengers from the Land "Married to God"—Genesis of Suns—Suns the Ensigns of Divinity.

CHAPTER V.

ETERNITY—THE ONENESS OF SPACE.

Eternity Not a Locality or Whereabout—The Incarnate Soul Exists as Much In Eternity as the Disembodied Soul—Time Only a Transient Incident of the Eternal NOW—Oneness of Space Whether Termed Eternal, Celestial or Terrestrial.

CHAPTER VI.

PUNITIVE JUSTICE.

A Monstrous Wrong—Leagued Scoundrelism—Story of a Victim—A Siren and a Suicide—"There Is a God!"

CHAPTER VII.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS.

Annihilation Abhorrent to Reason—What Is, Always Was and Ever Will Be—Bestir or Perish the Universal Law—The World Owes No Man a Living Without Value Received—The Impure Self-Exterminating.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEMORY — CONSCIENCE.

Omnipotence Can Read Man's Memory and Judge Him By It—Memory Continues a Function of the Soul After Death—Conscience the Monitor of the Soul—It Leads With One Hand While the Other Is Clasped in the Hand of God.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING DISEMBODIED SOULS.

They Move About No More By Night Than By Day—Why They Do Not Appear With Greater Frequency to Mortals—When Spirits In the Flesh See Spirits Out of the Flesh.

CHAPTER X.

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

Endlessness of Sidereal Systems—Majestic Ceremonies Attending the Reunition of the Father and the Son After the Tragedy of Calvary.

CHAPTER XI.

AUREOLES AND HOW WON.

Splenetic Spirits—Terrestrial Fame of Minor Consequence In the Second Estate—Contrasts—The Unpardonable Sin.

CHAPTER XII.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

Abducted Heir and Defiant Gypsy—Ruse of the Disembodied Soul of a Famous Detective—Supernatural Aid of Justice.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNIVERSE.

The Co-eternal Triunity—Machinery of the Universe—Its Sublime and Harmonious Play—Manual Work Bears the Stamp of Divinity.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Man An Expression of God—His Right to Immortality—Annihilation An Inconsistency—Vacuity Not Preferable to Intelligent Presences—Christ's Atonement was for Sinners In All Worlds Throughout Infinitude.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEAD PLANET IDOLICUM.

Its Ghostly Wonders—The Palace of a King—City Sights—A Weird Necropolis—Temples and Theatres—Strange Spectacles—A Battlefield.

CHAPTER XVI.

POSTULATES.

Sordid Natures—A Salutary Interdict—Wealth Worship—Seeking to Bribe Divinity—Syllabus of God—Dual Action of Thought Impossible—General Wisdom of All Earths Evolved Along Same General Lines—Death Sensitizes Memory—Falsehood Among Chiefest of Sins—When Truth Itself Is Falsehood—Why the Soul Seems to Age In Advanced Life.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINAL THOUGHTS.

All Mankind and All Generations of the Same Age as Measured by Years—A Soul's Evolvement Described—Adam Not the Elder of Any Other Human Soul.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.

"Strike, Man, Strike!" *Frontispiece.*

The Creation of a Sun, ... 67

"There is a God!" 98

Christ Ascending to the Shekinah," 122

The Gypsy Abducting Little Wilhelm Albaird, . 133

The King and the Dancers, ... 171

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Young.

The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable.—Emerson.

All goes to show that the Soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being, in which they lie, an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed.—Ibid.

What a delight, what a transport it is, for a Soul that is wandering among the stars, to look down and laugh at the palaces of princes and the whole globe of the earth and all its treasures. —Seneca

The Lord flows into the spirits of angels and of men. —Swedenborg.

I delight in believing myself as Immortal as God Himself. —Montesquieu.

The Soul, the immaterial part, being of a nature so superior to the body, can it, as soon as it is separated from the body, be dispersed into nothing and perish? Oh, far otherwise. . . If it take its departure in a state of purity . . . into that invisible region of the Divine, the Immortal, the Wise, . then its lot is to be happy in a state in which it is freed from fears and wild desires and the other evils of humanity.—Socrates.

A WORD ADVISORY.

THE mortal who would dedicate his tomb to *Aeternalis Somnus* (the Eternal Sleep of Death), should pass these pages by. And the illogical dogmatist who holds that an All Wise God is capable of the stupendous folly of creating Intelligences in His own Image only to force or resolve them back again into the negation of being, will find what follows out of harmony with his economy of thought.

What is written here is for those who believe in the Immortality of the Soul. Such may read, and if to their edification—if what is set forth here touches one responsive chord in the Spirit Kingship of their natures—then the author will have achieved the fruition hoped for while addressing himself to his work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISEMBODIED SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

DEATH—LIFE—THE SOUL.

Painlessness of Death—Sensations After Dissolution—Soul-Life Phenomena—Thought, the Vehicle of the Soul—The Deathless Entity Sexless—Contact With God's Spirit the Life of the Soul and of All Things—Visibility of the Incorporeal Entity—All Thought or Mind Processes Seen by the Spirit Eye—Ignorance of Incarnate Beings—Egos in Eternity Taken at Their True Worth.

Death, always dreaded, I found painless.*

To be rid of the fleshly incubus was indeed a relief.

Upon discarnation the Divine Spark within me became etherially sensitive and what lucidity of

*Dr. Woods Hutchinson, a celebrated physician, in the American Magazine, on the subject of the painlessness of death says:

"While many of the processes which lead to death are pain-

thought was mine, what freedom of movement, what clearness of vision!

My Will was alert and decisive, my cogitative faculties unclouded and keen.

I saw the majesty and splendors of Cosmos as never before.

All was an enrapturing Apocalypse to my freed Soul.

"This," I said in my ecstacy, "is life, not a dream of time! This is the eternal state, not transitory probation! This is supersensitive omnipotence, not beclouded mentality!"

How more wonderful than all miracles was that Spirit Dawn!

ful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind.

"It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they be those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes. While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful, but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep. The fear of death which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is almost without existence in sickness. Most of our patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill."

As I say, I had dreaded Death.

But the change brought no pang.

There was a cessation of heart action, a relaxation of muscle and sinew, as in a swoon, then my Soul, no longer restrained, flew forth like a bird from its leash.

That was all.

There was no dreamy phasis or subconsciousness. Body riddance left me simply a trinity of Soul, Thought, Will.

Thought is the Will's yokefellow and the vehicle of the Soul.

Whithersoever I will, there my Thought goes and there go I.

Where my thought is, there I am.

My Thought implies my Entity, my Ego—ME!

Upon flesh divestiture I was delighted to find myself surrounded by my relatives and other cherished familiars, who had preceded me to the Spirit Land.

They greeted me with every manifestation of joy.

The Soul Life is full to overflowing of strange and wonderful phenomena.

For example, the inconceivable heat of the sun's exterior or interior, no more affects me than the mild caloric radiation of a charcoal brazier.

Nor am I in any sense discomforted by the frig-

orific temperature of either interstellar space or the unlighted gulfs of Chaos.

I have tested both conditions.

And I pass through solids as readily as through vacuity. Incorporeal entities only can do this.

Immaterial as I am and without specific gravity, I can move a million times swifter than light.

A great astronomer* discovered suns so remote in the unfathomable astral abysses that their luminosity, traveling at the almost incredible velocity of twelve millions of miles a minute, is a thousand years in reaching the earth!

But if it be my bent to visit those far away orbs I have but to exercise my Will and lo, I am there, darting, Thought-winged, over their lurid expanses, or riding at my ease on their circumfluent waves of glowing fire. Then, by like Will-force, I return as swiftly to my starting point.

Nay, I vault to the farthest limits of Cosmic space as quickly as to yon cloud in the sky's mid-arches, or to my spirit neighbor who reposes just a little way yonder incumbent in space.

My Soul in its movements annihilates void or interval.

The Disembodied Soul is without sex. I often

*Herschel.

see a maiden here whom I loved in my youth. She is now sexless. So am I, so are the angels, the cherubs, the seraphs.

Therefore in Eternity any love sentiment, or aught of wooing that is a dominating influence with the sexes in the temporal sphere, ceases altogether.

I discover that the emotions here have to do, as a rule, with the adoration of Deity, congenial fraternization, Platonic affinity and consanguinous affection.

In the new Life I find myself inquisitive, demonstrative, receptive.

I never sleep.

I can see in dark as well as in light.

I want no victual.

I want no raiment.

I enjoy immunity from all physical pain, venomed fang or sting of sciniph.

Of touch I am supersensitive, and this supersensitiveness imparts the consciousness that I move continually through an ineffably pure medium—THE ESSENCE OF THE INFINITE.* Without Its ever-vivifying touch, all life, animate and inanimate, would be one with Nothingness.

*Impossible it is that God should withdraw His presence from anything.—*Hooker.*

DEATH—LIFE—THE SOUL.

Although Incorporeal I am visible to other Entities like myself and they are visible to me.

Such Entities are all about me, and all about thee, O Mortal! whosoever and wheresoever thou art!

They swarm through the Divine Empire by billions.

Some are ideally perfect, others are comparatively good, and others, again, are contamination itself.

The sublimation of the Soul may begin, nay, often does begin, in the sublunary life, but in this sphere it may rise to holy exaltation or a perfection well nigh if not altogether divine.

The mortal identity is not affected by the metamorphosis of Death.* There is no confusion of Individualisms in the spiritual state. The Creator's original stamp remains a distinguishing mark forever.

Time is a matter of rise and set of suns, of season episodes, of planetary phases, growths, decay, dissolutions.

Upon the Soul Time has no bearing.

The Soul is not subject to senescence. Nor is God or His immaculate hosts older now than when went forth the mandate, "Let there be Light!"

Eternity's peoples and pertainings and what

*Note A. Facial Differentiation.

phenomena soever, are in no way affected by the coming and going of the centuries.

The thought processes and effluences of the Disembodied Soul, like the legends blazoned on a transparency, are open to common scrutiny. All Immortals can read thereof.

The Soul is unable to conceal its motives, its likes or dislikes, from other Souls. Hence it is accorded appreciation or blame commensurate to its deservings.

Thought flow or Spirit emanations, are as apparent to the eye of the dwellers in the sempiternal world, as is the glow of the blowpipe to the physical eye.

And be it known that Egos can detect mental conceptions, immund, pure or whatsoever, just as readily in mortals as in each other.

All veilings to the sight clarified by dissolution are as crystal glass, all individual secrets as plain as Eternity's endless noon. To it both right intent and harmful craft bear visible forms.

The uncarnated Ego has the proximate penetration of a god-nature, and is perfect in Soul-reading as well as in the reading of the mental or cogitative flux of the cerebral cells of mortals.

Were treachery, hypocrisy, dissimulation, envy, conspiration, possible in this Estate, they would be seen by the Spirit's eye on germination and so con-

travened that they would come to none other than harmless issue.

Railing, rant, vaunting, bluster, rodomontade, are of nonmanifestation here.

Dignity in either Estate is ever lowered by levity.

Such are the cast and trend of the Soul Life or the Life Triumphant.

But the Earth Life cannot rise above superficialities.

Man is a chrysalid, a flesh-shackled mentality.

He knows but little and while in the mortal state is unable to surmount his ignorance except to a very limited degree.

He can be, at best, only a smatterer, a sciolist.

He does not even know how his own mental ideas originate, nor the processes by which intellectual apprehensions nucleate or take form.

A pitiful groper with his clogged thalami and brain protoplasm, he must be regarded as merely a skimmer of the surface of knowledge.

His wisdom is as foolishness with God.*

There is no fathoming by him of Pansophy, Archelegy, Demiurgic Power.

The Whys and Wherefores of Earth's simplest cruxes baffle his penetration.

*The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.—I Cor. iii, 19.

His profoundest erudition is not equal to the elucidation of Nature's formula for dyeing the grasses green, nor to a rational understanding of the chemistry whereby flowers are dowered with perfume or acquire their splendid and varied colorings.

And in all his six thousand and, possibly, untold times six thousand years upon earth,* man has not made one scintilla of advancement touching insight into noölogy or intellectual phenomena.

How the will acts in producing flex of arm or muscle, he knows not; nor knows he aught of the potential principle called Life, save that there is such a thing.

He can destroy Life, but with all his skill and knowledge he cannot restore it. Still, such phenomenon is not impossible. Mortals have been invested with power adequate to Life restoration, at least of their own species.

That this power has been withdrawn or suspended betokens decadence of vicegerents.

In this Estate there are no impenetrable mysteries, no speculative philosophies, no involved sophisms. All is reality, well based fact, unambiguous Truth.

Here exotericism supplants esotericism, and

*Note B. Age of the Earth.

recondite supernaturalism or isms, are only empty phrases.

When psychical inquisition is not flesh hampered, it traces and solves abstrusities, both of matter and spirit, readily and exhaustively.

Remorse is a worse torture to the Disembodied Soul than nerve tissue fire-enwrapped, and constitutes Eternity's Gehenna.

Castaways and Acherontic Spirits consort with each other here from choice, and sometimes they bedevil and force out men's worst passions.*

Hate, malice, revenge, in the human subject, are of demonian instigation.

Conquerors, or more properly, human slaughterers, are not in favor with their victims nor with any beside of the disembodied class. But they are never made the subjects of reproach or objurgation. The Souls of such, who have sown the earth with dragons' teeth and whose ambitions have cost millions upon millions of lives and caused wide spread misery, have a melancholy fate in this Estate.

They are restless under the prickings of Conscience.

The onus of their earthly careers rests heavily upon them.

*Note C. Strange Case.

Their dismal, saturnine moods none cares to disturb nor attempts to mollify.

Albeit, some there are of this class who realize the vanity of the panegyrics of Time and suffer from self-accentuated obliquity.

Here, Souls anteriorly of praiseworthy life are held in profound respect. They who were truthfulest and of pure morals are the happiest.

All Egos are taken at their true worth, be it good or bad.

As hinted, gross ambitionists and they of military renown while worldlings, are not of consequence because thereof in this realm of transcendentalism or transcendent realism.

They no more bring their fame with them than do the rich their treasures.

From a longing for aught of the nature of mundane fame or opulence, the released Soul, untinged with morbidity, is exempt. Such whimsicalities, contrasted with Eternity's unfoldings, are worthless and have little meaning with the Immortals. Few desire them. They and Earth's fleshpots almost cease to be memories.

But aspirations along these lines are needs of the human Chrysalid that it may be entertained while fulfilling embryonic requirements.

Such engrossments imply juvenility.

And man is, perforce, a juvenile even in his maturity.

He must have his playthings, his toys, somewhat for his hands to do.

But what tends to affluence or fame in his little pupadom, has no lodgment in the realm of True Life.

Study, philosophic investigation, although exceedingly superficial where existence is marked by Time, nevertheless premonstrate a craving for all knowledge.

Here it will have free course.

Social considerations prompted God to create Intelligences. He desires their companionship throughout His mighty dominions.

Man's Soul—endowed, immortal, of immense capabilities—so immense indeed as to be equal, under Divine direction, to world building*—is particularly the object of His care and solicitude. Our Great Instructor is not an ordainer of unexplainable mysteries nor inexplicable enigmas.

His mighty seignories are seignories of revelation.

He holds everything open to scrutiny.

He would have all flesh-emancipated Egos profound cosmographers and ontologists.

*Who dare say that world building is a greater achievement than raising one from the dead?

DEATH—LIFE—THE SOUL.

The Universe is a luculent volume of knowledge which He desires read and known of all who wear His Image. And the deeper the research the better will His greatness be understood withal, and the more profound that understanding the more sincere and earnest will be the praise of His creatures.

Not a mystery exists in all the Eternal Empire that is above the divination of the discarnate Soul.

Everything that comes or ever did come from the Laboratory or Workshop of the Great Alchemist and Master Artificer, has its especial and ascertainable function.

Even dead planets are not superfluous. They serve to help balance well defined celestial configurations along with their astral congeners. Blot out such and the centres of gravitation of the systems to which they belong might undergo disturbance and appalling disaster follow.

Where God is, Paradise is (to the deserving,) and He is ubiquitous.

The Soul on attaining perfect purity becomes assimilated with the Father in supernal sympathy.

Absolute harmony between the two Essences is not unusual even within the precincts of Time. The consciousness should ever dominate all other sensations that God alone is great!*

*The Sacred Oracles *passim*.

DEATH—LIFE—THE SOUL.

All of matter that ever existed still exists in some form.

The impossibility of annihilation is absolute.

Nor does God put in action the forces of causation and refine and adapt the raw material of Chaos to His uses and then reduce to nihility the product, be that product a sun or an earth.

Such procedure would be to employ His great powers frivolously and might incite the suspicion of superficial minds that the destruction was resorted to because of unwise or unsuccessful experimentation.

Howbeit, God never experiments.

He never makes mistakes.

His handiwork fulfills perfection and is eternal, whereof is reflex of man's immortality, since man is of His handiwork also.

But of this more anon.

Again I aver, there is no ageing where there is no passing of years.

The Soul grows not old in the Eternal Present.

Deity was never younger than now.

Organized Life, whether of man or of the humblest insect, is the mystery of mysteries, save that the Disembodied Soul, as a distinct sovereign and eternal Individualism, is a greater mystery.

But in time the seal will be broken and all will be made known.

So much proemwise.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSALITY OF SOUL PRESENCE.

Disembodied Beings Never Sleep — They Witness Crime and Often Give Mortals Warning of Impending Danger.

The habitat of Incarnated Man—its continents and seas, its cities, its highways and byways—abounds with Disembodied Souls by whom all happenings in their chance vicinage are noted.

Earthly evil doers are known.

The cerebral crime-spawn of such while incubating is pervious to eyes that never sleep.

There is no incertitude in their observations.

The blow and the hand that delivers it are seen, and the intent even foreseen.

The perpetrator, as he sheathes his knife and steals stealthily away to cover, fancies no one beheld his infamous act and feels therefore that he is secure.

Far from it.

They of the Palingenesis are alert and will enter the psychic sanctuary of the mystified sleuths of the law and by mode transpicuous to no mortal, awaken

right suspicion, and the guilty, tracked to his hiding, shall pay penalty for his misdoing.

O wretch with evil in thy heart, beware!

Among the Immortals feud is not, machinations are not, nor are there manifestations of dark passions as in the finite world save in exceptional instances.

Disembodied Souls rarely bring their rancor and dislikes this side of the Great Divide. A desire to redress wrongs endured in the terrene life is considered impious because usurping a prerogative of God. Says the August Judge, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay!"

Even comminations are regarded as unbecoming and lowering to the exalted dignity of the Higher Life.

And let the acclaim be trumpeted for the behoof of heedless Mortals, and foolish because heedless, that premonition of approaching disaster to them, nay, of Death itself, perchance, evolves from the Immortals and should not be permitted to pass unnoticed. The Immortals possess fatidical powers. The future is unveiled to them. They have foreknowledge of what impends over the lives of finite beings.

Of this the earth abounds and has ever abounded with superabundant proofs.*

*NOTE D. The Spirit Monk of Amalfi. A Daughter Fore-

UNIVERSALITY OF SOUL PRESENCE.

How many there are who at times have been weighed down with strange forebodings and felt that some dire calamity was at hand. And how often has the blow descended with crushing force.

Such premonitions can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than that they are communicated by kith or well wishers from the Spirit World.

And they are indeed so communicated and will be to the end of Time.

warned by her Mother's Spirit. Nelson's Premonitions. Swedenborg, Napoleon, Washington.

CHAPTER III.

TWAIN TRAGEDIES.

Mysteries Unveiled of Chamber and Dungeon That Are Known Only to Spirits.

As I have already asserted, my inquisitiveness is intensive. After a season of close study of problems touching the New Life, I find it a relief, nay, a fascination, to flit away and look upon the excitements of earth as well as to trace out strange and hidden things appertaining thereto.

Not unfrequently I am attracted to mighty marts in whose fermenting arenas men wrestle for wealth and where many, through chicane and wicked devices, gather to themselves fortunes swollen, not unfrequently, to multiplied millions.

Again, in walks dissimilar but of no more worthy promptings, I find factious spirits every whit as reprehensible, jostling and struggling, each with other, for precedence in the mad race for official preferment which they crave, not so much for its honors as for the spoils and booty it may yield.

Furthermore, and it is most lamentable, I observe at frequent turns beings wearing the human

form who do not scruple to practice upon their fellows diablery that would shame the Pit, in gratification of the evil propensities of their natures.

Poor fools all!

In their folly they little reck that Death is stalking their footsteps and that soon or late they shall come hither and at hour unthought of, without purse or scrip, alone and unattended, and that anguish and remorse shall possess them as did fiends the Gaderine swine.

Aye, Chrysalid haunts have attractions for me not to be easily put aside!

And at times I am moved by a singular if not morbid curiosity to search out mysterious by-places and forgotten underground crypts and clammy cells where men and women have lived (alas, can it be called living?) and languished and bidden Hope adieu and died.

And unnumbered times have I stumbled on the contrivances of harsh and cruel natures for inflicting horrible physical and mental tortures upon their fellows.

The accusation is as true as it is ancient, that men have dug dungeons and forged chains and fashioned devisings of torture in extinguishment of the happiness and even the existence of creatures like themselves, without due invocation of law or

the faintest regard for mercy or fear of the just retribution of God.

I mind me that in the north of England there lifts a battlemented stronghold hardly less elderly than any Rhine castle, under whose turrets lurk ghastly mysteries of chamber and dungeon. Nay, within its stout walls are barred holds where wretches, precious to their forgiving Creator as any, have been held in cruel restraint until Death crept in and brought them a longed for and merciful deliverance.

I possess knowledge of what I aver. I have penetrated the long sealed recesses of this hoary muniment, above and below, and shall not scruple to uncover deeds whereof living mortal knows not.

Up from the deep foundations of the massive pile a partition of masonry rises which divides the enclosed space of a large and lofty tower. This partition, unbroken by arch or doorway, is of not nearer approach than a dozen yards to the semi-circular wall of the exterior.

The intervening vacuity is divided into large apartments, one above other, to which access was formerly gained by a narrow stair leading out of subterranean depths.

None of these floors was ever fitted up for occupancy save one. The exception is high from the ground, directly under the battlements, with which,

however, there is no communication. It is lighted by four mullioned windows with deep and narrow embrasures.

This room's original entrance or doorway had at some period been filled in with stone and mortar and the stair by which it was reached taken away. Thereafter the only way of communication was through a small trap-door, to which supplies for the chamber's occupant were raised from the floor below by means of cord and pulley. Ultimately need for this opening ceased also, whereupon it was closed in turn and so carefully as to leave no trace thereof visible in the arched ceiling. Betimes, upon discovery that the great halls were haunted, the subterranean stairway leading thereto was torn down and the opening effectually sealed up with fragments of broken boulders firmly set in cement.

After long years had passed away the existence of these great shut-in chambers was lost to both memory and tradition.

Aforetime the decorations and furnishings of the highest apartment were of princely magnificence.

The eye was sated with their prodigal sumptuousness.

Oriental rugs of softest velvets and brilliant colorings covered the floors; lustrous arras from Damascene looms draped the walls, and rare paint-

ings adorned spaces thereon from which the hangings were caught back with silken cords tasseled with gold.

Here and there were couches and divans richly upholstered, and costly cabinets filled with objects of virtu had place near slender Moorish columns that reached up to the magnificent ceilings.

On tables inlaid with turquoise and tourmaline lay embroidered fabrics, some incomplete, others exquisitely finished, which attested the deft hand and cultured taste of the occupant of the chamber and at the same time indicated the manner in which the hours were whiled away.

At one side, canopied and curtained with silk of rubellite hue, stood a bed richly appointed, whose carven posts were capped with bronzed coronals and surmounted with plumassaries composed of the peacock's gorgeous coverts and downy egret tufts of spotless white.

Books with illuminated bindings filled shelves of perfumed sandal wood, near an elegant escritoire, or lay on chair or sofa where carelessly dropped when last used.

Goldfish swam lazily in crystalline globes, and from gilded cages came parrot chatter and carolings and flow of song the livelong day.

A wall niche in a further corner constituted a shrine in which gleamed a silver cross bearing an

image of the Son of God, and just below on a ledge lay a missal and breviary.

At the left of the sacred place stood a spinet with keys of pearl, and half hidden in the hangings leaned a Highland harp, its frame embellished with heather bells and sprigs of gorse done in gold.

But candelabrum had no place there, nor lamp nor even feeblest taper, else those windows had revealed the chamber's secret held against the world.

By the windows rested ample vases of frosted ormolu, whereon exotic plants and flowers rioted in tropical luxuriance.

The paneled ceilings were enriched with art's portrayals of summer pastimes and winter sports; of dreamy groves and streams meandering amid sylvan scenes; of forest solitudes where the wild deer roamed and the lithe panther frolicked with her young.

And waves were also pictured there dashing their glistening walls against lofty headlands and flouncing their rocky bases with sparkling folds of foamy lace; and stately rivers whose waters laved picturesque ruins half-hidden in wild entanglement of ivy and woodbine, and imposing basilicas on whose towers golden crosses, blazing with glow and fire of sun, symboled the greatest of all tragedies.

Such, in those immemorial years, was this hidden chamber, except that in a great panel central

in the lofty ceiling was, and still is, a remarkable painting allegorical of a crime that is held by certain temperaments as unforgivable.

It represents a demon with his arm encircling the sylph-like form of a young and beautiful woman, as he sits upon a couch with his satyr legs and hoofed feet outstretched before him.

His face, manly and handsome, is mantled with a pleasing expression, but the pointed ears rising sharply above his head, which is surmounted with a Highland bonnet and plated with serpent scales, dissipates any gracious impression that its comeliness might otherwise awaken.

As the fiend gazes and smiles on the lovely creature by his side, he caresses her profusion of tresses, which beam as if suffused with sunny gold.

She, with her arms entwining his neck, fondly returns his gaze, while a joyful radiance overspreads her features.

Beneath the twain is a pit whence issue red flames and from it Satan is delineated as slyly peering out at the pair, with grin sardonic and horrible.

On the four sides of this vivid art work depend mirrors attached to the ceiling and placed at angle so precise as to reflect the dreadful portrayal into as many pier mirrors located, severally, on either side of the apartment and at its opposite ends.

Thus by subtle ingenuity did Vengeance inflict torture on the prisoner in this chamber, who must needs have had constantly in view the distressful reminder of the transgression it typified.

It was the setting (multiplied by octonary distribution) of a demon fondling a seraph, with a reflex of both their heaven and hell.

Underneath were traced in Old English characters these words:

Falsse to Thy Marriage Vowes the Pit Awaiteth Thee.

Alas, the worst is yet to be told.

Years upon years have passed away since that great chamber was in its glory, and lo, this is the picture it now presents to the eye of Disinthralled Spirits, who alone have knowledge of its existence.

Fronting one of the windows stands the spinet, upon which the light that enters through begrimed panes falls obscurely even at the noontide hour. Seated at the ancient instrument and leaning forward upon its level top is the skeleton of a woman.

A lustreless gown of embroidered silk covers the fleshless form. The garment is in the last stages of disintegration, and portions of its folds have fallen in tatters and rags upon the floor.

One arm is partially extended, the other is bent under the bowed head.

On the skeletal wrists are bracelets of gold, and loose on the bony fingers gleam rings whose costly stones drink the light then flash it back in flame.

A necklace of pearls, half-hidden under the decayed ruff, catches the gaze by the play of its lustrous tints, and on the spinet at either side of the head, a diamond eardrop gleams in the dust where it fell when the tissue holding it had turned to ashes.

The hair in matted masses hides the face, or what was once a face, and though long dimmed its sunny sheen, it is certainly the original of the peerless tresses portrayed in the large painting on the ceiling above.

The feet, in life slender and delicate, are slippered in satin, now yellow and sere, and between them a little dog had crouched and there lie its mouldering bones.

All is musty as the tomb.

The once handsome hangings are dropping piecemeal to the floor, and the mirrors are dim and but vaguely reflect the spectral splendors of which they form a part.

In one cage are a few fly-bitten feathers and a parrot's beak; in others small tufts of mold which mark all that remains of the songsters of long vanished years.

TWAIN TRAGEDIES.

The upholstery of sofa and chair has crumbled to fragments, and the rich floor-coverings are mildewed and overspread with thick layers of dust.

The jardinieres, in olden time the foci of floral loveliness, hold only hard earth almost concealed by shriveled plant-stalks and the powdery remains of faded leaves.

Through fissures in the ancient window casings fat spiders have pushed their way and their numberless webs are depending everywhere. They dangle in unsightly shreds from the ceilings; they contaminate bed and plumassaries and disfigure the paintings on the walls.

And flies, green and polluting and numerous as the swarms of Pharaoh's plague, buzz about the foul and tarnished windows, whose ghostly light itself seems dead and casts over all the pallor of death.

The air is noxious and stifling with the smells of decay in this dreadful sarcophagus.

In the partially extended skeleton hand is an ivory tablet on which are traced these hardly legible words:

"OH, GOD, MY GOD! HAVE MERCY AND LET ME DIE!
I CANNOT ENDURE THIS HORRIBLE TORTURE LONGER!

IT DRIVETH ME MAD! OH, DEATH HASTEN!
HASTEN!
MY BRAIN REELS! I SWOON! I——"

As I lingered amid those perished relics the Ego or Apparition that once tenanted the skeleton leaning on the spinet, entered the chamber. She was in guise (which released Souls can assume at will) visible to mortals as well as to the Disembodied. Her look was downcast and mournful. She passed me without sign.

And, be it known, she is seen not unfrequently in all parts of the castle as well as without its walls, for Discarnate Souls linger much near their corpora, or its remnants, until after sepulture.

I left the lofty mausoleum and dropt into the region of crypt and dungeon beneath the superstructure. There I passed through solid walls and unopened doors indifferently as suited my mood. Cells I found wherein chains were held to wall by strong staples of iron, and manacles lay on the damp ground coated with rust. Other cells were bare, howbeit their doors bore fastenings of bolt and bar against requirement.

Stairways of stone led to floor below floor, thrice sunken, where light of day never penetrates.

Such deep darkness has lair and sullenly crouches in those depths as will shrink only a few short steps away from intruding lantern or lamp.

And the air offends with fetid odors of damp pavements and sweaty walls.

I passed to the second level and saw in the cells, as in the ones first entered, strong chains and fetters red with oxydization.

But in those living tombs was neither table nor cot, nor bench nor block, not even of stone. The ground alone, roughly set with quarry slabs, does service as such for wretches at any time in duress there.

Albeit, whoso is forced to tenant those noxious burrows must yearn for short shift of life.

Everything was clammy with ooze. It dripped from the stone ceilings and stood in viscid beads on the sheer masonry. Its yellow smear was on the once white lime that seamed the walls. The undressed floor-flags were glutinous with it.

Nor is it surprising that I found rodent life nonexistent in those unwholesome depths.

Not even slimy eft nor crawling newt infests floor or wall.

I descended to the third level and passed down a long, low way, on either side of which extended a row of vaults whose outer doors were inner sheeted with iron.

Midway on the dexter side appeared a blank wall, built flush with the face of the flanking cells. This interruption of the series seemed an incongruity.

My curiosity was awakened and I endeavored to imagine a reason therefor. To regard it as an architectural whim was idle; a superstructural support it might be. But was it such? Did the builders place it there when the foundations of the castle were laid? If no, then possibly some mystery lay hidden in its keeping. Within a place so forbidding, so horrific, thought is ever suspicious.

Mortals in groping about far under ground amid environments that graphically tell of "man's inhumanity to man," sometimes find creeping over them feelings of indefinable dread if not of positive fear.

But at no time nor place do such superstitious emotions possess the Disembodied Soul.

To end Thought's divining, I passed through this wall that so excited my curiosity, and found myself in a closure whose ceiling and sides and floor were severally composed of a single flag of limestone.

Lying in a corner was a heap of bones on which rested a human skull.

All was green with mould.

Partly covered by the unsightly remains were visible rusty shackles and chains that once evident-

ly held in that angle the wretch of whose miserable fate the wasted relics told the silent story.

On the rough wall was rudely scratched the name:

MAC DONALD

Without further ado I withdrew from those Cimmerian depths.

My curiosity was whetted to an edge.

If the mysteries upon which I had stumbled had fathoming, I was minded to not rest until the bottom thereof was sounded.

Soon thereafter in my peregrinations I found a Soul possessing the information I desired.

He represented that centuries before, it had been his fortune to hold the office of seneschal under a nobleman who had inherited the antiquated pile, and all through the intervening years he had been watchful of its history.

Hence, the chapter I asked for he was enabled to furnish and the import thereof was of this tenor:

Two centuries or more have passed away since the proudest Duke in all the North of England dwelt in this castle.

His lofty spirit, dignified port and high lineage commanded the respect of his peers and secured for him, as well, the unreserved homage of the opulent and influential in the secondary walks of life.

He even knew what it was to be cheek by jowl with the King, his Majesty not scrupling, now and then, to occupy the castle's grandest guest chamber, and linger for a time to enjoy the exhilarating excitements of his powerful subject's hunting preserves. The seignory of the great nobleman was extensive not only, but on important occasions no retinue in all the border shires was comparable to his for brilliancy and numbers.

Albeit, it was charged against his Grace that to the tender passion his heart was impregnable, and yet none held denial that he was as gallant and chivalrous to the fair sex as any paladin of legend or story.

* * * *

Late one autumn afternoon a Scottish Laird, mounted on a mettlesome barb, appeared before the gates of the castle and begged the favor of shelter for himself and train from an approaching tempest.

He was bidden to enter with cordial expressions of welcome.

Abreast of the noble Scot rode his young daughter, blue of eye, yellow of hair, who sat her palfrey with easy grace.

Upon reaching the spacious court the attentive host assisted the maiden to dismount. She was comely and beautiful.

Directly the storm burst in fury out of the southern sky, and as it continued to rage until twilight had darkened into the impenetrable gloom of a starless night, he of the tartan, with his Highlandry, was urged and gladly consented to accept the castle's hospitality until the coming of another day.

While the guests tarried the maiden (scarce turned of years a score) was accorded especially gracious attention by the Lord of the famous stronghold. Her singular loveliness, her naïveté and girlish ways, infatuated the strong heart erstwhile impervious to the shafts of Love's winged archer.

On the morrow, after distributing liberal vails among the dependents of the castle, the noble Scot and his retinue resumed their journey. Their titled host, with a guard of honor, held them company for many a goodly mile.

At parting the noblemen exchanged mutual assurances of esteem, and the Duke doffed his gauntlet to press the shapely hand of the Scottish lass, who met his gallantries with pretty expressions and beamy smiles.

Fate thereafter gave events such determination that the Duke led the over-Border beauty to the altar within a twelvemonth.

Although her elder by thrice her numbered years, yet his illustrious lineage, his power and fame and great wealth, his culture and polished man-

ner, weighed not lightly in the balance against her youth and bloom and charm of feature.

Adoration best expresses the emotion of the distinguished bridegroom for his Highland bride.

Alive to her happiness he surrounded her with young associates of her own rank, and merry-makings and joyous festivities became of frequent occurrence at the castle.

Beside, at stated periods there flowered in the great halls and drawing-rooms grand *fetes* and brilliant assemblies in honor and for the delectation of the young wife, and to such functions came titled men and high-born women, in plumes and proud array, from both sides of the Border.

And these rounds of gayety were varied by exciting sports with falcon and hound, archery contests and other lawn pastimes, and racings on spirited mounts that were incitative of cheek-glow and eye-flash and exhilarating delight.

And it were needless to tell how the young Duchess, in all and singular of these diversions, bore part with engaging winsomeness.

No coin of lip was so current as her praises.

A year swept by on rosy wings. The hours were elate with joy supreme, and the noble Duke exulted in his happiness.

His devotion to his girl-wife waxed with passing time. Her most trivial wish met with gratification.

The future seemed bright, and dreams and visions of bliss attended his Grace's footsteps, but, alas, above his enchanted life hung the blade of Damocles!

* * * *

One day, some while prior to the winter solstice, the Duke was necessitated to leave his castle for London. Pressing engagements of a business nature made his presence in the great metropolis imperative.

At that period such a journey from the northern shires so late in the season, abounded with marked discomforts.

Travel in the saddle, as was then the vogue, over broken and miry roads for days together, contrasts disadvantageously with the modern method by rail which limits like distances to a few short hours.

With declaration that his absence should not exceed a week's lapse beyond the new year, the Duke affectionately embraced his youthful Duchess and then mounting his horse dashed away down a winding vista of over-arching oaks and disappeared from view. Three armed henchmen rode with him as his trusty escort, for in his pouch was much gold and robbers were abroad in those uncertain days.*

*Note E. Brigandage in England.

It so came about that by diligence and conducive circumstances the affairs exacting attention in London were dispatched sooner than the Duke had reason to anticipate when he set out on his journey. And this was indeed pleasing since it gave assurance of return in season to celebrate in his own ancestral halls the delightful festivities attendant upon the anniversary of the Nazarine's birth.

Accordingly (without anticipatory message to his wife whom he wished to surprise) an early day of departure was selected and somewhat before its dawnlight, with his serving men at heel, his Grace galloped away with light heart in the direction of his battlemented abode, where his thoughts pictured his heart's queen as impatiently awaiting the expiration of the allotted time for his home-coming.

At last the long and wearisome journey was accomplished and at an hour beyond midnight the Duke and his attendants pulled rein before the great portals of the castle.

A warder opened the gates and entrance was made in silence and at a slow pace, for many a toilsome league had man and horse covered since dawnbreak of the previous day.

His Grace dismounted and ascending the great stair unannounced, threw off his travel-stained outer garments and disengaged his spurs.

He then hastily traversed corridor and passage and with light step and noiselessly, approached the chamber of the mistress of his heart. It was his hope to catch her unawares and enjoy her astonishment.

A few taps were given on the door.

No response.

They were repeated.

All was silent.

Raps more emphatic followed and the anxious Duke gave call:

"Ho! rouse thee, my sleepy Enchantress! Prithee knowest not thy lover's voice? Hail and good morrow to thee, my mavis, my throstle, if thou wilt but let me enter thy cage!"

The only reply were the echoes of his voice along the distant passages and through the dark halls above.

The brazen latch was lifted but inner bolts resisted entrance. Heavy blows succeeded without effect, as hinge and fastening held true.

Stout serving men were summoned and the door forced.

There, sitting among the coverings of her couch, was the young wife. White of face, her hair disheveled, her arms outstretched as in mute appeal, she presented a ghostly and even maniacal appearance.

"What, in Heaven's name, is amiss? Is the mystery explained by that insane look? Why were those withstanding bolts not promptly withdrawn and the door swung wide with a loving wife's welcome of lip and sincere embrace? Do that unearthly paleness and unnatural dumbness of tongue bespeak a brain disordered, or do they signify some horrible nightmare that affrights my heart's blithe sprite? There is beseeming that she comprehends not that her lord is in her presence, whose unflinching arm would defy the legions of perdition in her behalf. Alas, her mind is unsettled! She is indeed stricken with lunacy! It must be so, and yet—and yet—if a maniac why does she not shriek and rave, or mumble of distorted visionings, or manifest hate or terror with glare of eye and mad unrest?"

Such were the thoughts that agitated the mind of the noble Duke. He feared dementation, and yet his wife's looks seemed born of despair rather than of a disordered brain. An unutterable misery appeared to possess her, instead of the frenzy of a wrecked intellect.

Oh, God, that suspense! His Grace stood transfixed and speechless, distracted by doubts and fears. Just then, on a window ledge near the bed, his eye caught the gleam of a pair of silver spurs! Stepping quickly forward and picking up the tell-tale imple-

ments he held them near the light and descried on the disk-shaped rowels the crest of a MacDonald.

Turning upon his wife he demanded in severe tones:

"Woman, where is thy lover?"

The wretched Duchess gave a sharp scream and swooned away.

A search of the room was ordered, but at the word, forth from a curtained recess stepped a young Highland Laird.

The handsome Scot had often been received as a guest at the castle, notwithstanding it was the gossip of all the countryside that aforetime he was the affianced lover of the unconscious beauty lying there under the silken canopy of her marriage bed.

Made desperate by the situation the young nobleman boldly fronted the Duke with the defiant utterance:

"I crave not thy mercy, my Lord Duke. Whatever be the cast of thy vengeance I hold scorn of it as I do of thee! Thou wilt rob me of my life as thou hast robbed me of my love, for I do avouch she was mine by good vow and holy until thou, with thy weightier inheritings, did set heel on my juster title. Ay, kill me thou wilt, but it doth irk my heart that I have not my keen dirk in clutch wherewith to forge on thee and give the Fiend his due of thy soul first.

Oh, Christ! could I but cross steel with thee!" and the young man looked his foe unflinchingly in the eye.

In every man there is a strain of savagery.

This element in the elder nobleman's composite nature was of instant manifestation.

The burning words and insolent manner of the Scot caused him to tremble with rage.

The blood left his face.

His gorge rose.

He snatched dagger from sheath and raising it menacingly thundered:

"Hellhound, die!"

Then, swayed by a sudden afterthought, he let his hand drop muttering, "Not yet—not yet."

The Scot in reckless scorn burst out:

"Strike, man, strike! Thy temper is fit and thou dost thirst for blood of mine! Fall to and with thy fangs tear me and drink thy fill! Dost claim," was hissed with a sneer, "to be puissant and a gentle forsooth, and yet not give blade to this grasp that I may test thy pith of soul with fair stroke and thrust and leave God's biding with the better arm? But thinkest me such craven as to fear thee, or these thy landloupers withal, though empty of hand am I? Heart o' me! but I despise their steel and thine, and so do I beard thee to thy teeth!"

Already had other daggers flashed forth, but the Duke by a gesture stayed the roused choler of his men.

At command irons were brought and the doomed Laird was securely manacled. Then, with weapons unsheathed all about him, he was roughly haled along corridors and through halls and passages to an unfrequented stair.

Down the damp, slippery steps the guard and their prisoner slowly passed followed by the Duke.

Pursuing one of a maze of ways that extended on in the gloom they reached, as it seemed, an Erebus into whose yawning led other steps of stone.

These they carefully descended and from the foot thereof the group plodded ahead through labarynthine avenues until still another stair was gained.

Down this also the goblin shadows cautiously groped into cavernous blackness, which the smoking torch borne in front scarce held an arm's reach at bay.

There, some yards to the right in the clammy depths, they paused and the Duke without utterance pointed to a cell. The victim, knowing that resistance would be futile, erect and with a fearless air, allowed himself to be led therein where he was quickly chained to the wall.

He spake not.

But his eye flashed.

His hands clutched convulsively.

Nor did tongue of any yield word.

Men lose wont of speech while they sepulchre alive a fellow mortal.

Before the next set of sun the creaking door of that dungeon had been removed, the heavy oak casing torn out and the entrance sealed up with solid masonry.

And as stone was lifted upon stone and tools grated at their work, no protest, no pleading for mercy, came from the immured.

Undaunted Scot as he was, his spirit remained defiant even while the last glimmer of torch or lantern was shut out of his tomb by final touch of trowel.

Then the rough workmen, their ghastly task finished, hastened up to the light of day, and the Transgressor and that Pale Presence were left there alone together.

Soon one became the other's starved and haggard prey.

The offending Duchess was confined in a remote room of the castle until such time as the upper chamber in the tall tower had undergone the transformation already described. When all was complete her removal thither was not delayed and the doorway was permanently closed. That place (as was the intent) constituted her prison and her mausoleum.

To allay the common wonder over the abrupt disappearance of the erring pair, public announce-

ment was made that they had hied away together and clandestinely, to lands beyond sea.

* * * *

Perchance anon will come a lord of that demesne who, on a day, will lift his eyes upon the lofty tower (his thought swayed by discarnated Egos) and muse thuswise:

"Those 'blind' windows or mullioned pretexts, I hazard, were ranged in their high places to make more endurable the architectural severity of that ugly mass of stone. But hold! Why should windows of the 'blind' order be fronted with transverse bars of iron, after fashion of prison or jail? Ah, why indeed, unless behind thereof be cells for poachers and thieves, or robbers of stall or fold? How now! For upon me comes besetment that mystery lurks in my highest tower! Queerly the conceit tugs at my brain, and though I dare wager a hundred gold rials to a dozen bronze pence that it be a mere whimsey or juggle of fancy, it gives me urgent haunting and I may have better content to look into it."

Thereupon, rallying stout brawn having in gripe mall and broach and steel-beaked bar, that inner wall shall be pierced, and then will come evidences to wondering eyes of the ancient tragedy, long hidden from human ken in the sealed chamber.

And betimes the wasted relics on the voiceless

spinet may be given better rest with Mother Earth, under her grassy garment, kindly folded in her bosom.

Then, should that lord's temperament prove of a prying turn and persistent, upon being thus roused he might push quest for other strange revealings and perchance be directed, by od touch to the hidden dungeon below that selfsame tower. And should this so fortune, the manacled skeleton would be found and at last (it is easy to believe) be given transference from those black depths to some welcoming God's acre, and there, under coverlet of green and brooding sunshine, be vouchsafed an ungrudged retreat. And around this retreat and over, would float requiem of bird and breeze, and Night's sleepless envoys in the ever-bending blue would hold watch there with their silvery lamps through all the nights of the living years.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD ESTATES.

The Earth a Vestibule of Cosmos—God's Spirit Nourishes All Life—Eternity's University—Spirit Activity—Sublimity of the Scenery of Chaos—Messengers from the Land "Married to God"—Genesis of Suns—Suns the Ensigns of Divinity.

The Earth is an integer of the First Estate. Stellar space abounds with such integers or antechambers of Time and from them Cosmos is peopled.

In a comparative sense man's stay in these antechambers is for a few hours only or days at most. Therein he makes his initial appearance, puts on and off his garment of flesh and assumes the habit of the Celestial World.

As forespoken, Spirit exists within Spirit, *id est*, the Human or Created Spirit is always infolded in the Spirit of God and is ever in contact with God. This Divine Touch is life and nourishment to the Created Spirit and assures its endless existence.

The Second Estate is the Workshop or Laboratory of Deity and is likewise the Great University of Eternity. The curriculum of the latter em-

braces all knowledge and explicates the recondite works of its Founder and Teacher It has no Faculty but God, the only embodiment and source of infinite wisdom.

In this School man's true education begins.

Its doors are open to Souls of every class; not more to the good and upright, than to the veriest Pariah that idles and mopes in the wilderness of Space, should such care to profit by its advantages.

All may be *èlèvès* here.

But in this Estate theophanic revelation is unknown, nor is ever heard the sound of the Almighty's voice.

There is no segregation of Souls in the Second Estate.

Souls congregate of their own accord in communities in which there are societarian classes or coteries, drawn together by kinship, taste, feeling or bent of thought, harmony of temperament and the like.

I am *en rapport* with a select circle.

Its activities are marvelous.

It is much given to explorations of the domains of Deity and to delving into the problems of this sphere of existence.

It should be borne in mind that the Soul's conative powers are never at rest, nor are they fatigued by unceasing exercise.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD ESTATES.

* * *

On one occasion a party of explorers pierced to the frontiers of Immensity. They were there informed that far out through the Illimitable Void, at a distance well nigh incomputable, another Universe existed which was the abode of far more exalted beings than those inhabiting the Second Estate.

And it was declared, furthermore, to be a realm greatly exceeding the latter in majesty and magnificence and much its superior in extent.

When this surprising intelligence was communicated to our group, it inspired curiosity to such a degree that it was determined to visit the favored and wonderful domain in a body. All felt that to feast eye on the splendors of this heaven of heavens, would repay manyfold any endeavor that might be put forth to reach it, however remote its bounds from those of the Second Estate.

In the Spirit World to desire is to do.

Forthwith we took flight up through Night's blazing baldric, the Milky Way, and quickly reached the borders of primordial bloom, where Light and Darkness forever struggle for the mastery.

Without pause we swept out into the Bottomless Void, and swiftly pursued our way toward the Celestial Bourne we so earnestly yearned to behold.

While threading Chaos we stayed our progress

many times to contemplate the awful grandeur revealed on every side.

The savage inharmonies that characterized the silent wastes impressed us most profoundly.

We saw in the boundless solitudes inert matter immeasurable in extent and shrouded in the blackness of unbroken Night; aye, worlds piled on worlds whose mountains and pinnacles loomed high above all range of vision, and whose yawning chasms no plummet could sound.

We were prompted to penetrate here and there great elemental bodies, and in their interiors found galleries and halls of prodigious magnitude, and caverns of such vast extent that whole earths might have been rolled to and fro within their confines.

These immeasurable masses of crude substance were millions and even billions of miles apart in that endless Infinitude.

We were filled, nay, overwhelmed with astonishment at what we beheld, for, let it be remembered, the eye of the Soul can see as well in the Dark as in the Light.

As we moved through that great Abysm we were conscious of being in uninterrupted touch with the Spirit of our Creator.

And it was a satisfying thought to know that we had His constant presence and guardianship in those awful solitudes.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD ESTATES.

Likewise, let it be remarked, when the solivagant Soul traverses the most remote zeniths, it is free from any sense of loneliness because of its constant association and sympathetic touch with the loving Father.

Finally we approached that Ineffable Universe, now dimly apparent by a faint illumination in the far away Empyrean. But before its glories became more distinct our advance was restrained by the All-Pervading Presence.

Thereupon we knew not what course to pursue.

Presently fair forms approached us shining in aureolas of glory.

They were serene of feature and gentle-voiced, and in kindly manner explained that we were too gross and unrefined of spirit to enter the Beatific Realm.

"There," they mildly represented, "dwell Seraphim and Cherubim, and Archangels and Angels and Saints, all pure as God is pure. To such, in the Third Estate, the Lord reveals Himself and the enrapturing felicity is enjoyed of actual converse with Him. This is Beulah Land, 'The Land Married to God.' Within its borders are magnificent mansions with beautiful environments for the enjoyment of the holy and sinless Hosts, and mountains and hills, and valleys and plains, all glorified and of enravishing beauty." Then was added: "Perhaps in

the Golden Sometime thou wilt become pure, immaculate, then shalt thou also be welcomed into this the Third Estate and to the Bosom of our God."

Such was their manner of discourse withal.

We departed from the radiant beings and started on our return. Traversing new expanses we again saw vast elemental worlds in a state of quiescence that no power had ever disturbed.

Suddenly we came upon a spectacle that transfixed us with astonishment.

We beheld the creation of a sun!

It was communicated to us by Divine obsession that the work of originating a mighty luminary in space requires but one preliminary, namely, the establishing at a fixed point, of Gravitation's concentred and irresistible power.

When thus established this power reaches away into space millions and even billions of miles in whatsoever direction, and no other manifestation on the part of the Great Demiurge is put in exercise until after all material bodies within scope have been brought and massed at the centre of its attracting energy.

The developments we witnessed were indeed astonishing.

Stupendous worlds, rough from Eternity's quarries and roused from a repose never before disturbed, responded as if endowed with life to that invisible,

outreaching grasp and began moving toward the centrobaric influence.

The first body responding—vast, towering, rough, gray, dense—came with inconceivable celerity, half circumvolving, swaying, rocking, out of an abyss millions of miles away.

It reached and swept madly past the centre of the attracting force, the restraining power of which could not stay its momentum until it had swung far out into the depths of the opposite Void.

Its enforced return followed when it again shot past the centre, and thus it continued to oscillate, like some monster pendulum, its arc lessening with each vibration, until ultimately the immense mass hung quietly in equipoise.

Anon other bodies from fields more remote flew in, as if jaculated by the arm of Omnipotence, and with roar and deafening reverberations crashed into the huge world now resting there motionless.

The tremendous impact generated a heat so intense that the components of the colliding masses were liquified.

Immeasurable islands of matter continued to sweep in, drawn from unfathomable gulfs, above, below, everywhere, the awful shock of conjunction affecting immediate colliquation.

The yielding up by Infinitude of embosomed worlds was first made manifest by the appearance



The Creation of a Sun—*Page 67*

of vapory spots far away to the uttermost limits of Spirit sight.

Presently these hardly discernible visibilities grew more and more distinct, their outlines, as they became better defined, evincing approachment.

In exceptional instances while in flight the enormous masses would come crashing and grinding together with a violence so tremendous as to effectuate instant fusion.

In such cases from the time of illision until the two bodies struck the fiery ocean that eventually received them, wide floods and cataracts of molten matter poured in measureless volumes down their beetling heights and raged and boiled through their gigantic gorges. Thence the seething cataclysm swept over their valleys and vast plateaus of barren rock, transforming them into incandescent seas.

At the same time broad trains of dazzling effluence streamed countless leagues behind, comet-like, brilliantly illuminating the wondering empire of primeval Night.

Awful, indeed, was the spectacle such bodies presented as they flew forward on wings of fire.

Albeit, the multicontinental masses usually shot ahead unfraught of such episode, to the final catastrophe—the awful plunge into that molten sphere.

And such conjunctions were productive of enormous convulsions.

Immense maelstroms were thereby created and huge billows formed which flung their albescent crests high into space with hissings indescribable.

Then, thundering back into the abyss, their fiery manes erect, the over-towering waves would head away, like huge, shapeless monsters as they were, and swiftly pursue each other beyond the limit of sight into the fluctuating heat and haze of the far encircling horizon.

The Great Demiurge in His own good time will give to this luminary axial motion, and it will become the gravitational centre of an astro-physical system composed of earth-worlds thrown off from its supra-mass or over-bulk.

Such is the genesis of suns and in such manner are the immeasurable stretches of Illimitableness reclaimed and made to subserve the great designs of that Being, whose wisdom and power are without bounds and wholly immeasurable.

Blazing suns are the ensigns of God. They symbol His authority, His majesty, His creative power.

And they shall continue to be lifted up in their orbed splendor and glory, on the right hand and on the left, and become the heat-giving and light-giving principle of celestial sovereignities and inhabited

worlds until, in the last ultimate drift, some potent menstruum shall dissolve and end all time.

And even when that hoary epoch is reached the heavenly constellations shall not be returned to Chaos, but in the fullness of the Divine plans be renewed and made to fulfill still other purposes having to do with the welfare of the Immortal Hosts that people Space.

CHAPTER V.

ETERNITY—THE ONENESS OF SPACE.

Eternity Not a Locality or Whereabout—The Incarnate Soul Exists as Much in Eternity as the Disembodied Soul—Time Only a Transient Incident of the Eternal NOW—Oneness of Space, Whether Termed Eternal, Celestial or Terrestrial.

It is by no means an adequate or proper conception of Eternity to regard it as a celestial Whereabout constituting some remote portion of the great Macrocosm, separate and distinct from the realms of Time or of the planets occupied by man. Eternity is simply endlessness of duration, here and everywhere within the *primum mobile*, or outer circle of God's Empire. The Disembodied Soul is no more in Eternity than is the Soul incarnated in the flesh. The differentiation rests on state of existence merely, not on locality or habitat of infinite or finite being. One Soul has laid aside its perishable vesture, the other has not, but both live in Eternity, using that term in its true sense.

Eternity in its application to man, is a never ceasing continuance of life, not a supernatural domain, for there is no such thing.

Space, wheresoever, is nativistic and wholly without supernatural coloring or character. It is

the range and repository of all things whether of Spirit or of matter rescued from Chaos.

God, therefore, is existent all about the race and their dwelling places. Now, precisely as God is in Eternity, so are the race and their dwelling places in Eternity.

Consequent upon physical phenomena the deathless Integer, Man, in shorter or longer time, becomes disburdened of clay-clog and decay, but with the change he is not forced to leave the domain of sunrising and sunsetting in order to find or reach that part of the Universe spoken of as Eternity.

Eternity environs him.

He moves in it.

He has never been out of it, nor can he by any possibility get out of it.

If, as a finite Entity, he sits down or rises up, if he walks the earth or sails the sea, or out of Death rises into Life, he does all in the very being of God and in Eternity as well—that eternity which embosoms his hearthstone, or centres at the tiny sky niche that constitutes this solar system which is less than a needle's point in God's Empire, or at any inch of space wheresoever.

Man's miniature earth-globe, whereon thou creepest, O reader, is a mere Whereness in boundless Immensity—a microscopic object so small as to be hardly discernible a few millions of miles away.

ETERNITY—THE ONENESS OF SPACE.

And Time is analagous to this almost nothingness.

Time is but a transient incident of Eternity.

When it ceases, with its hoary dial plate crumbled to dust, it will be from its first to its last vibration of pendulum, but a moment, a second, in the octillions of aeons that would, measured by years, mark the eternal NOW.

The oneness of Space, whether termed Eternal, Celestial or Terrestrial, is well understood by all discarnated Egos. Its Here, There, Everywhere, they range at will.

The Earth is the depository of the husks of the generations.

It receives millions upon millions of these spermoderms annually, and more will be added until their components shall become the chiefest element of the planet's very soil.* Should the material part of the human subject be withdrawn at death from the globe, the latter would in time disappear, all save its skeleton or framework of rock.

* * * *

I will now indite a chapter appertaining to the history of two personalities, whereof myriads of Disembodied Souls were and are cognizant.

*Note F. The Earth's Population.

CHAPTER VI.

PUNITIVE JUSTICE.

A Monstrous Wrong—Leagued Scoundrelism—Story of a Victim—A Siren and a Suicide—"There is a God!"

As I have elsewhere intimated, I am not yet dispossessed of my old time inquisitiveness. In sooth it is growing on me. I ramble much about the Earth, as do millions and billions of other Disembodied Souls, scanning the good deeds of the right-minded and the bad deeds of the wrong-minded and base.

Often the selfishness and inhumanity of which I obtain knowledge would seem, if laid bare, well nigh incredible.

On a recent quest for the strange and unusual I was brought face to face with a case of agonizing injustice, the details of which are reflected in the ensuing record.

In a great metropolis of the Western Hemisphere I have cognizance of a man of subtlety and craft and of stony temperament withal. His calling is ostensibly humane and beneficent, but in reality cruel and abhorrent. He has established a retreat

which he is pleased to denominate an "Infirmary for the Care and Expert Treatment of the Insane," but "The Mill of Death," were a better designation therefor. His methods shall be recounted in the proper place.

A young millionaire of the metropolis of which I speak, voyaged over sea and in his ramblings penetrated Europe to the eastern provinces of the German Empire.

There by chance he fell into association with a wealthy land proprietor, whose high accomplishments and liberal fortune served to make him conspicuous among his countrymen.

The acquaintanceship ripened into mutual admiration, or at least cordiality, and he of the Occident became a welcome frequenter of the home of the cultured and hospitable German.

In that home's domestic circle, now bereaved of wife and mother, were seven daughters, fair and comely and of superior education.

The stranger, himself a linguist and possessed of university acquirements, illustrated every polite amenity in his intercourse with this refined household. His polished affability constituted him a felicitous companion, while his intelligence was held in high appreciation by his new acquaintances.

During his stay it was his pleasure to manifest a delicate partiality for the third daughter of the

family, a young lady, lissome, graceful and attractive of feature.

When about to take his departure the American made known the susceptibilities of his heart to both the object of his admiration and her father.

As he came to them a stranger he expressed sensibility of the impropriety of pressing his suit until inquiry could be made by them as to his standing and fortune, but respectfully urged that, should he be deemed unobjectionable after due investigation and the young lady felt she could reciprocate the tender sentiments he entertained for her, he would consider it the happiest event of his life to lead her to the altar.

For purposes of reference he placed in the hands of the natural guardian of the fair fraulein, the names of prominent men in both his own country and Europe, then went his way.

After the expiration of a few weeks, during which the interested couple exchanged communications through the medium of the head of the young lady's family, the ardent lover was overjoyed to receive word that his suit was accepted and he could have the daughter for his bride.

Thereupon he again sped across sea and hastening to his love, both assumed the marriage covenant.

PUNITIVE JUSTICE.

The honeymoon was passed in visiting the great capitals of the Old World, and after a series of delightful tourings they crossed the ocean and settled down in a palatial abode in a pleasant quarter of America's metropolis.

A lustrum passed happily but uneventfully away, save that two beautiful children brought additional joy into the household of the contented couple.

But, sad to say, a day approached when the wife and mother became aware that a gloom was enveloping her life. Up from the horizon of her domesticity lifted portentious clouds surcharged with cold neglect and a manner so unfeeling and repelling as to cause her heart to throb in dumb agony.

Another had usurped her place in all but forms of law and now she was in the way.

Nor would illicit fervor be balked.

Riddance of a dutiful wife and affectionate mother must be effectuated.

The step would wring blood from her heart not only, but two little hearts, babyish and loving, would bleed and wail in frenzied anguish when she was taken from them.

Howbeit, that other heart, the heart that should have cherished and held fast to its own, was bedeviled.

PUNITIVE JUSTICE.

She who was as pure as starlight, who came from the hand of her Creator with the softest blue of His sky in her eyes, and with the shimmering gold of His suns in her hair, beautiful, unoffending, must be sacrificed.

As yet she suspected not the cause.

At the close of a lowering November day, the husband arrived at his home accompanied by two men. They were formally presented to the mistress of the mansion. Little conversation ensued and after a brief stay the strangers departed.

The afternoon following, after hours of absence, the husband returned to his abode dark of visage, reticent, mysterious.

Betimes he placed in the hands of his wife a written instrument which set forth that she was unsound of mind.

At the same time he proceeded to say:

"The callers of last evening were medical experts commissioned to give your case professional scrutiny. The document you hold contains their findings and report, to which they have subscribed their names in due form and to which I refer you."

"What am I to understand by 'my case?'" inquired the wife, she not having as yet unfolded the paper.

"For some time past," was the answer, "I have been impressed with the conviction that you are

threatened with dementation. If you will take the trouble to glance at the report of the commission you will discover that my fears are well founded. They recommend that you be retired to some asylum or retreat where you can receive the benefit of proper treatment and find absolute rest and quiet."

The lady opened the sheet, tore it in two and threw the pieces into the blazing grate.

"And your immediate transference," the husband continued without apparently noticing her action, "is advised lest your mental integrity should become impaired beyond the reach of restoration. They find there is every symptom of rapid deterioration of the cerebral tissues, with threat of early collapse of your intellectual faculties. Their advisory urgency should and must be heeded. Your vital welfare makes prompt action imperative. Indeed, so pressing is the exigence," this was uttered with a simulated anxiety, "that I have arranged all necessary preliminaries, and it is incumbent on you to lose no time in making preparations to depart on this very evening."

The poor woman was dazed.

She looked at her husband with emotions of horror. He seemed to her as if suddenly transformed into an evil genius bent on the destruction of her happiness if not of her life.

His loosened tongue now waxed more urgent, first in persuasion, then in menace and threat of force.

However, the ear addressed heard only in a confused way. Her mind was engrossed as never before. The thought that racked her brain was to find the true key to this mystery.

And light shortly came.

Her naturally keen perception, made all the more active and acute by od influence, or thought force spiritually imparted, soon suspicioned the real reason for her husband's mysterious behavior.

"He is enamored of another and wishes riddance of me," she cogitated. "He very well knows my mental poise is as unimpaired this moment as on the day of our nuptials. Besides, I have never, by so much as lifted finger or uttered syllable, given him offense. And he certainly will acknowledge that moral taint cannot be imputed to me. I would sooner die than be disloyal to him. He is absolutely without any just ground or reason for his course, but as the world might some day call him to account should he accomplish this horrible wrong, he seeks to fortify himself with the farce of a medical commission's formal endorsement of the assumption that I am a lunatic and should be shut in with lunatics. And all for a base and unholy purpose."

Such were the thoughts that flashed upon the mind of the beset woman.

But what course was open to her?

How could she escape the net spread for her feet?

Was it too late to fly?

Were it possible for her to gain the street, protection might be obtained, and once out of the power of this perfidious plotter, measures to recover her children could be resorted to, even to the extremity of legal action. Then, if all went favorably, there would be the dear old home in Germany to fly to, where she and her little ones would find a welcome refuge.

These ruminations were interrupted by the strenuous tones of her husband who demanded immediate compliance with what he had the effrontery to term, "the mandate of the commission."

With no little feeling she replied:

"The allegation of insanity does not merit the dignity of confutation as you very well know. Therefore, to retire voluntarily to a madhouse would be absurd not only, but a recognition on my part of the justness of this scheme to realize riddance of me by means far more abhorrent than death itself."

To this protest she added, after a brief silence which he did not seem inclined to break:

PUNITIVE JUSTICE.

"If you deem me an obstacle in the way of your happiness and it is your deliberate wish, I will return to my Fatherland. I love you and shall ever regard you with affection, but if your heart is no longer mine, I will withdraw from this home and from your life. However, I must take with me my darlings, my precious Angelica and my little Constance."

A sinister expression clouded her husband's face.

He cared not so much for the children, but did not wish his wife to return to her parental roof-tree. Such a step, he was conscious, would augur future peril.

His design was to effect a shift that would rid him of his marital relations except in a technical sense, and preclude reactionary embarrassments. He had some pride of reputation left which he desired to preserve if possible.

Rising with his wife's last word this wrongdoer passed out into the corridor.

All had been prearranged.

Reëntering the room he was followed by two men.

No explanations were made.

He pointed towards his wife.

She was seated on a sofa with her youngest child on her knee.

None was there to dispute her incoming.

The dark eyed sorceress had fled.

And as with overflowing heart she passed with quickened step along the corridor toward the nursery she called in tremulous accents:

"My darlings! O my darlings!"

Overjoyed at once more hearing that voice, always loving, always kind, her little daughters came bounding from the room crying:

"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!"

With fast flowing tears she knelt and clasping both of the little forms to her bosom, rapturously kissed their sweet faces. Then gazing upward with streaming eyes she faltered:

"*There is a God!*"



"There is a God!"—*Page 98*

CHAPTER VII.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS.

Annihilation Abhorrent to Reason—What Is Always Was and Ever Will Be—Bestir or Perish the Universal Law—The World Owes No Man a Living Without Value Received—The Impure Are Self-Exterminating.

The First Estate is not exempt, nor has it ever been exempt, from infestation of Doubters, Scoffers, Infidels.

But in this, the Second Estate, incredulity disappears. Herein the Soul gathers irrefragible evidence of the existence of God from actual and continual contact with His All-pervading Spirit. Such practical proof does away with waver and unbelief.

And WHAT IS, always was and ever will be. Contrary assumption is paralogism. Let it be repeated, there is no such thing as Annihilation.

Annihilation implies the substitution of vacuity for created objects, or of Nothing for Something.

That Deity indulges in such whimsey is abhorrent to reason. The conception is a figment of finite abnormality.

597537 A

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS.

Consider the childish, nay, insane folly of creating and then destroying inestimable values, whether of Matter or of Spirit!

Vacillation, wantonness of this nature, antagonizes the methods of the Master of all Wisdom, of all decorum, of all dignity.

The violent impact of combined worlds could not blot out a single molecule of matter. The prodigious blow would vaporize the atom, but it would still exist.

Even flesh itself is of eternal enduring, but in other forms.

Necessity for the annihilation of old creations that room may be made for new, is an imagining as unreasonable as it is illogical.

There is room almost beyond mathematical calculation for whatever exists, or can henceforth exist, of a created nature.

And while the Great Architect is constantly enlarging His empire by the reclamation of chaotic fields, He is so moved, not in anticipation of crowded conditions at any time or ever, but to establish new systems of worlds which in due season shall contribute intelligent existences to the peopling of immeasurable wastes and solitudes.

It is God's way to not extinguish but to create additional life, and to reclaim savage space and fill

it with new worlds sublimated by fire for the requirements of life.

Except God, all that the Universe contains is inert of nature. The Great Essential Force constitutes the full sum and unity of every form of energy. Hence, any activity, be it the manifestation of astral bodies or of flesh or spirit, is borrowed from the Infinite Being.

What growth soever or development of a material nature anywhere existent, is the product of some form of physical force. The mighty suns, the mountain chains; the rooted forests, the air cleaving eagle; the argosies of the seas and the winds that waft them or the steam that propels; in a word, all things and all movements, whether celestial or terrestrial, are due to some phasis of God-imparted energy. And let it be paranthetically observed, that the mundane worker is, as such, God's similitude.

The stupendous animation that characterizes the skies has always filled immortal minds with awe and admiration.

The unceasing motion of the heavenly constellations and of the earth and all things pertaining thereto, proclaim the universal law, Bestir or Perish!

There is no picturing the wreckage that cessation of orbital drive or axial revolvement would precipitate. Inaction of economies, material or spiritual, means chaos, stagnation, death.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS.

The Supreme Worker of His perfect knowledge keeps everything in ceaseless play.

It is one of the aphorisms of the ages that brow sweat and fatigue wait on hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Aye, and on such, in compensation, wait glowing health, virility and iron muscle, and from them spring splendid generations, and at their magic touch rise stately palaces and imposing basilicas, great bridges and triumphal arches, flourishing cities and homes innumerable on broad expanses of island and continent.

Idleness is analagous to vacuum amidst the utilities and practicabilities of Divine devising. Inaction, wheresoever or whatsoever, contravenes Divine intent.

Fools presumptuously declare that the world owes them a living.

No, the world has never assumed so one-sided an obligation.

For value received the world vouchsafes a man a living and perchance opulence. But he must make proper reciprocation, by exertion of either brain or brawn, for what conduces to his well being and support. Should he default in this, he is no less than a thief and a robber.

Moreover, every man is beholden to contribute, according to his gifts and fortune, to the world's desirabilities and perfections and completeness for the common good.

His failure to do so constitutes deficiency in a ratio commensurate with such ability, and precisely to that extent he is culpable.

Then be it repeated and re-repeated that it behooves every sentient being, in liquidation of the debt of gratitude he owes for his existence and its attendant enjoyments and blessings, to furnish his just share towards the advancement of the material and ethical interests of his environments and his race.

To accomplish such end he should strive to be always at his best in well doing.

This is a part of both his obligation to his fellowman and his life's mission, and a most important part.

There are, who dishonor every debt they owe to duty and to conscience. Many of this species possess wealth, due oftener to the accumulative aptitude of their progenitors than to their own financial acumen.

They go up earth and down, assassins of Purity, and yoke-fellows of idleness and dissipation.

And although the antithesis of good example their lives and practices are often envied, sad to say,

by minds superficial and void of healthful balance, that would ape their profligacies, shameful as they are, but for lack of fortune to meet the requirements of such follies.

The contagion disseminated by opulent disreputables, carries with it misery and death.

Such cumberers of earth oar away in their bucentaurs to espouse the deeps of unhallowed gratification, or range estuaries where flow the flood tides of luxurious depravity.

They are the Cleopatras and Antonys of modernity.

If not inane, whatsoever of brain alertness they possess is directed along lines of old vices or to the fashioning of new.

Their sacrariums reek with uncleanness, and sins to them are sacraments.

They relegate Conscience to the moral rubbish heap and strangle virtuous aspirations at birth.

In my lookings about I have taken occasion to pass through the home-walls of the leisurely affluent, or idly rich, into apartments where have appeared spectacles that merited the fiery baptism of Sodom.

In such retreats I have seen forms of beauty richly but scantily clad, leaning on effeminate manhood through the sensuous dance, or gaily fluttering in the glamour of unseemly revelry.

And as night fared on, these Bachants and Bachantes, wine flushed or flamed with potations of a more fiery nature, would indulge in orgies well nigh paralleling the ancient saturnalias of Latium.

Such of the indolent rich as are morally leprous must be regarded as among the world's worst and most dangerous infestations.

But, alas, society will not or cannot be exorcised of them.

Their mammon bribes or intimidates, and at the same time it is their charter for dragging Virtue at their chariot wheels and besmirching Innocence with their gilded vices.

Howbeit, the habits and excesses of this species render them effete, and as a sequence self-exterminating.

At least, their descending lines are seldom perpetuated beyond the second or third generation.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEMORY—CONSCIENCE.

Omnipotence Can Read Man's Memory and Judge Him By It—Memory Continues a Function of the Soul After Death—Conscience the Monitor of the Soul—It Leads With One Hand While the Other Is Clasped In the Hand of God.

Memory is the historian and archivist of the Soul both in the incarnate and discarnate state. With ever busy buren it graves upon its imperishable tablets hieroglyphs that are understood only by him to whom they appertain, except they are also decipherable by the Great Reader of every secret. Its records are alike of good deeds and bad of the deathless Entity, and are jotted down with the fidelity of the speculum. Honoring Charity's behests, loving Mercy, manifesting such spirit to the outcast and the fallen as gladdened that soiled heart at the Gate of the Temple, recognition of the Divinity Spark in the stumbler and smoothing rough places before his uncertain feet, are inspirations whose fulfillment in very deed are blazoned on the

Tabula of Memory in tracery unsusceptible of obliteration.

Such acts and acts that bring new day-dawn and new life to hearts languishing and dying amid the ruins of Hope, are as pleasing to God as the hallowed Sanctus, or the propitiatory incense from censers amid shrines holy with the Consecrating Presence.

Never-forgotten, Heaven-sealed and Heaven-blessed, these graces shall begem many a diadem in the Third Estate, and silence all reprehension for sin registered by Memory.

Transgression's uneradicable scars thereon emphasize the wonderful love from on high, since despite such markings the regenerated and forgiven Soul is vouchsafed refuge in the Bosom of the Loving Father.

Does God seek knowledge of any man's noble or ignoble deeds, He has only to consult the records of that man's Memory.

Such records are indisputable, unchallengeable. By their truths the creature can be justified or condemned.

Memory, let it be repeated, attends the Soul forevermore, whether in the Lobbies of Time, or in the always NOW.

It can be a Nemesis or an approving affinity.

Not one trace of the lights or shadows that ever

left their impress thereon but will appear through the film of forgetfulness at the magic touch of Thought.

Then, O Brother, have heed and let thy deeds be such that thy Memory's archives shall praise thee, and reflect honor upon thy measure of days before the Ever-living Judge!

Conscience is the Monitor of the Soul forever, its Pontifex Maximus, its augur and flamen, indeposable and deathless.

It sits in judgment and rebukes; it foretokens; it will not be gainsaid.

It is the spectral hand that writes "Tekel" on the heart-walls of the evil-paced, whether king or beggar, unworthy priest or canting hypocrite.

Against wrong doing and unrepentant spirit it utters oracles more unerring than Delphian hexameters, foreboding deserved smitings and peradventure Death itself.

The legend upon its banner is "Sacrosanct Truth," traced by the Hand of God.

Heaven is its Alma Mater. Right living its Vade Mecum.

Without the restraints born of its imperative admonitions, the God-imaged mortal would stoop to vices as abhorrent as the abominations that have made the Babylon of the Cushite a hissing and a byword among the generations.

MEMORY—CONSCIENCE.

It shames the wallower in moral obliquity; it beards the unprincipled man in his heart's innermost fastnesses.

Nor can the cheat or the liar flee its reproaches, nor the robber of widows and orphans parry the keen arrows of its reproof.

Whom it judges is its vassal until he rises to its own idealistic standard.

It is an abiding presence with the extramundane no less than with the finite being.

Ever casuistic, its pointing is upward and onward to the highest and the brightest ultimation.

It betters the Soul despite indifference consequent upon the searings of depravity.

Man's Evangel in both worlds, it leads with one hand while the other is clasped in the Hand of God.

The guerdons of Conscience in all Estates are tranquil peace, holy thought and the loving guardianship of the Father.

Fulfilling its requirements effectuates that budding and blossoming and ripening of inner purity and holiness, whereby comes the final consecration and fitness for transference to the Third Estate.

Multiplied are the classes of Egos in the Second Estate, the highest whereof approximate to full stature in purity and loving adoration of the Ineffable Trinity.

MEMORY—CONSCIENCE.

By long and earnest devotion this class become chaste of thought, guileless, meek, as knowing that only by full measure of merit can they hope to join the Immaculate Hosts that people Beulah Land.

And abound they with faith in the Christ whose indescribable agonies, endured for them, struck even the dumb earth with awe.

From this class go out in unceasing flow, pilgrims to the Glorified Capital of God.

There the Soul, sweetly assimilated with an upright Conscience, holds harmonious relation with the Holy of Holies and is evermore refreshed.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING DISEMBODIED SOULS.

They Move About No More By Night Than By Day—Why They Do Not Appear With Greater Frequency To Mortals—When Spirits In the Flesh See Spirits Out of the Flesh.

It is a groundless supposition, but believed by many, that Disembodied Souls are given to noctivigation.

Were the flesh-clothed suddenly endowed with supernatural sight, the multiplicity of Soul-life observable all about them, would constitute their first surprise.

At times the number might seem greater during the day than during the night and *vice versa*.

The natural gloom characteristic of darkness lends freakish imaginings or fanciful terrors to somewhat of its pertainings, and out of this apprehension or misapprehension arises the false conjecture that Incorporeal Beings are disposed to saunter forth and appear to mortals while the world is somnolent and in shadow.

CONCERNING DISEMBODIED SOULS.

The illogicity of this superstitious notion should be apparent to every reasonable intelligence.

As Spirits do not slumber and light and dark are the same to them, it holds that no just ground exists why they should be of inclination to bestir more in midnight mirk than in noonday glare.

I early learned on reaching the Second Estate, that Disembodied Souls would appear to mortals with far greater frequency than they do, but for the fright, altogether unaccountable, their spirit forms incite.

The love of such for those left behind is by no means lessened by death, a term which should always be taken as relating only to the fleshly nature.

Nay, it is even intensified by the change, as, conversely, mortal love is intensified over the ashes of the transfigured.

The unexplainable apprehension or fear mentioned, awakens the regret of Spirits. They fain would be considered by mortals as well wishers, and not as phantoms or apparitions only to be regarded with feelings of terror.

Especially do they attend fondly upon the footsteps of those whom they regard with emotions of tenderness, and would appear to them more often but for the reason given.

To affright mortals, loved or other, is at variance in every way with the inclinations of released

Intelligencies, although now and then indulged in mood of requital for pre-endured wrongs, or to haunt wanton shedders of blood.

But never can Spirits do aught of harm to mortal beings in a physical sense. This is the decree of the Infinite.

And here might be mooted a pertinent inquiry, namely, Is it not inconsistent for Spirits in the flesh to fear Spirits out of the flesh and be terrorized at their appearance, when constantly and evermore the latter frequent the homes of the former and tarry about their pathways and appear and linger in their dreams?

Among the singularities of the dual life are periods when such a recession of the Soul from the flesh supervenes, or such an assertion of the supertemporal over the physical principle, that the Divine Spark for a space has use of the vision of its spiritual nature and can discern, with more or less distinctness, the forms of the Disembodied. There are who, not witting the deep significance of this phenomenon (which is an augur of Immortality withal,) ineptly class it with dreams* or fetches of fancy.

Recessions of this order as nears final dissolution, enable Souls to see their disembodied friends or other Spirits before leaving the fleshly investiture.†

*Note G. Dream Revelations.
†Note H. Spirit Appearances.

Such a rising of the superior above the subordinate nature should not be held lightly or even questioned, since attestations thereof are afforded by testimonies innumerable of those who were nearing their last moments not only, but of those who were in the full flush of health.

Upon reaching this state of being it is discovered, as already set forth, that Incorporeal Units swarm the earth.

They are found along crowded thoroughfares and up and down byways; they flit about public parks and private grounds, and frequent pavilions in bowered garths; they loiter in courts of justice, in houses of legislation, in academic halls and classic groves; they move amidst worshipers in great cathedrals and steepled fanes, nor shun they temples wherein devotees bow down to false gods; the dissipations of gilded hells and iniquitous retreats they witness; the throbbing arteries of trade attract them; they assemble where machinery hums and clangs, and the dextrous hand consummates its triumphs; they linger about barracks and military camps; they swarm on battlefields above death belchings that tear body and soul asunder, and lament the agonies there and waste of life; they fly with the ponderous machines that, with crash and roar, wheel the world's riches hither and yon; they throng the keeled vehicles of rivers and seas; they watch the

miser count his hoard, the rogue rob the unwary, the assassin steal upon his victim; they hover about assemblies of lordly pomp and brilliance, and, as well, view the coarse revelry of garbardined boors or of swineherds in their cilices or shirts of hair; they visit homes where is quaffed the nectar of joy, or draughts are drank bitterer than brew of astrofel.

And, let it be reiterated, by the unsuspecting it must be regarded as inexplicable that many times when guardians of the public peace are wholly without clew in their endeavors to solve hidden crimes, intellection as to the real perpetrators thereof will suddenly break in on their mentality.

Such revelations, strange and unlooked for, puzzle the suscipient brain.

It is not suspicioned that they spring from odyllic touch or obsession by Incorporeal Beings, but such is the right solution of the mystery.

And let it be repeated also as a warning, that terrestrial crime, be it never so hidden, is witnessed by Spirits that move everywhere and are without habit of sleep or desire for rest with its attendant inaction. The deed done in darkness, the covert thrust of knife, the fatal missile from the assassin's smoking weapon, the deadly bolus or potion administered unseen of mortal gaze, are all descried and often revealed in manner as just explained.

CONCERNING DISEMBODIED SOULS.

Albeit, I have known the Bloody Hand (pointed out and identified to the satisfaction of mortals by od influence) to go unchallenged because finite proof could not be educed in substantiation of proof revealed by Spirit informers. But on a day inevitable in its coming, a day the transgressor shall dread, he will find himself among Souls uncarnated and learn to his consternation that the All-seeing Eye, and they as well, witnessed his murderous work.

Then will he reprobate his birth-hour and shrink away into the horrible cirques of demoniacs, there to endure the gnawings of Remorse.

Were it possible for Incorporeal Intelligences to bear witness before terrestrial judicatories of what they reck of nether abominations—back-biting, robbing, torturing, killing—the callings of the licentiates of devildom generally would fall into desuetude.

Men of indurated hearts continue as of old to pay tithes of mint and anise and cumin to be seen of the world, and at the same time are not above slyly clutching the Babylonish garment or lusting for the thirty silver pieces.

Nay, of frequency they so direct their Juggernaut wheels as to crush out the purity of Immortal Souls, and scruple not to rob their brother of his purse, or even of his last crust.

Indeed, they would strike down Truth and Justice if thereby they could realize a heaped coffer or gain other of their selfish desires.

Devils can even tongue forth Truth, but so doing would avail them nothing. God is only propitious to those, in whatever Estate, upon whose altars of love there is evermore an offered sacrifice to Him.

Legions who have entered upon the felicities of the Palingenesis, spiritually aid mortals (who, by the bye, are unconscious of their co-operation) in promoting the principles of rectitude and righteousness among the careless and unregenerate of earth.

And since crime, however hidden, is as an open book and the very thoughts of terrene evil workers are as if blared of trumpet or bulletined on street corners to the Disembodied, from them shall issue knowledge of villainies to ministrants of law, who will direct administration thereof up to bar and bolt restraint, or, perchance, if such be the temper of Justice, to the terrible retributions of last resort.

CHAPTER. X.

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

Endlessness of Siderial Systems—Ceremonies Attending the Reunition of the Father and the Son After the Tragedy of Calvary.

There is no end of siderial systems. God's limitless grasp of space abounds with them.

And in each are earth-planets inhabited by created Intelligencies, and these Intelligencies after passing their probationary period, enter upon peopling the Second Estate, as has been set forth elsewhere in this autobiography.

Their aggregate numbers are incomputable.

It will be borne in mind that the egoical hosts are privileged to range whithersoever they list in both the First and Second Estates, and that they have access to all knowledge.

To them the savage scenery of Chaos has a strange fascination. And I hardly need repeat that they explore its unorganized worlds, its awful abysses lonely and silent, and even penetrate great bodies of dense matter which only await the touch of God

to become constellations sparkling with beauty and animate of life.

There was once, and only once, an universal convocation of the celestial hosts of Infinitude.

The occasion was the reunition of the Father and the Son after the ending of the vicarious work of Calvary.

The Cherubim and the Seraphim were summoned, and the Archangels and the Angels and all the Impeccable Sainthood of Beulah Land.

And Spirits were there from the more immediate of the surrounding worlds, as well as from the spheres outlying and almost beyond telescopic reach; nay, from planets belonging to systems so remote that the light of their suns has never yet reached this globe.*

And the hosts of Souls about the earth—from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south—were concentred there.

They alone sought sequestration who were of the sons of Belial, the banned of Heaven, and though seeing not, they heard belike and with trembling.

The mighty throngs, in numbers multiplied times greater than the drops in mountainous waves of storm-driven seas, swept in to the place of assembling.

*Note I. The Vast Expanses of Space.

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

Most majestic was the approach of the beatific hosts from the holy realms of the Third Estate. They came from the Empyrean in transcendent glory, and presented a spectacle magnificent beyond the power of speech to describe.

The mighty convoy was led by trumpeters who were Sons of Light, and by such as bore golden rams' horns of ringing tones and mellow.

Next in regular order came symphonic bands, rank upon rank, holding in their hands viols and psalterions, and flutes and cymbals, all of entrancing sound.

Thereafter followed innumerable throngs of singers with voices more melodious than the music of sphered maestros of the Infinite Deeps.

The singers and instrumentalists wore robes lustrous as nacre and of tissue finer than byssus and soft as spinnings of the Indian moth.

Then appeared unimaginable numbers of Saints carrying fulgent banners or ensigns, flexible and vapory, which caused the magnificent retinue to shine in similarhood to an ocean luminous and undulating, as it broadened and extended far away down the jubilant skies.

And high over all moved THE SHEKINAH! THE ELOAH! THE FATHER! borne on the pinions of the Cherubim, while the Seraphim, constituting a vast choir, winged their way in perfect order,

above, below, on every side, their voices mingling in exultant praise of HIM who Liveth and Reigneth Forever and Forever!

With winding of golden trump and horn and swelling of the rich harmonies of combined instrument and voice that echoed from sphere to sphere, the ethereal multitudes reached Calvary's Mount where stood the Immaculate Redeemer but eight days from the Cross.

He had fulfilled His divine mission.

He had triumphed over its attendant agonies.

His vicarious work for this world and every world was ended.

And now the time had arrived for His reunition with the Father, Who had come to welcome Him back to His place on the Throne of the Universe with every circumstance of joy and ineffable glory.

The mighty I AM occupied a throne flowered with the radiance of blazing spheres.

He was crowned with orbed suns, in whose intenser glow the beams of earth's great flambeau of day fell as a shadow.

Howbeit, the light of that crown was dimmed by the brightness of the Face of the Infinite; for lo, such was the awful majesty of the Godhead that no eye not of the Third Estate could brook the intense splendor thereof.

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

And the wonderful effulgence streaming down caused the ensigns to shower forth bedazzling light, which mantled the countless hosts with a radiation beautiful to behold.

From Calvary where stood The Christ, up to Heaven's cope was one prodigious amphitheatre of Disembodied Souls. And within this living arena the saintly hosts of the Third Estate assembled, their beamy circles reaching up to the foot of the Throne of God.

The Son, as He stood glorified below, gazed upward toward THE SHEKINAH.

His aspect was holy and serene.

Around and attending upon Him were Seraphs and Archangels, appareled in garments scintillant as silvery mist, and wearing zones flashing with iridescent fires.

Suddenly, led by the full voiced Seraphim, the trumpets and all the instruments, joined with the vocal strains of the innumerable choirs, burst forth in great transports of praise in honor of the Lamb of God, who was offered as ransom for sinful humanity of earth or wheresoever within the vast Empire of Omnipotence.

And amid the mighty acclaim and in awe-inspiring majesty, The Christ and His holy retinue began to mount up, while were waved the shining banners on every side.



"Christ Ascending to the Shekinah."—*Page 122*

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

Upon the ascending company reaching THE SHEKINAH, Seraphs and Archangels prostrated themselves before the Throne, but The Son was received to the Bosom of The Father.

Thus was once more brought together in sacred association and unutterable splendor the First and Second Persons of the Holy Trinity, the divine nexus never again to be broken.

It was the Auroral Hour of the New Dispensation.

In goodly time, while still swelled the triumphant anthemings and heavenly orchestration, THE SHEKINAH and The Son moved in imposing grandeur away toward the Land of Beulah, still borne on the wings of the Cherubim.

And the radiant multitudes from the Third Estate also took up the line of march and followed on through the rejoicing skies.

The conclamations of praise that swelled forth from the moving hosts rang afar through the glad Universe, and the echoings from world to world, rose and fell as might the consonant voices of ten thousand seas.

Anon the Disembodied Souls of the Second Estate also took their departure for their home-worlds or otherwhere, filled with awe and wonder because of the sublimity of the transcendent scene they had witnessed.

A MIGHTY CONVOCATION.

And so ended the grandest and most momentous of all spectacles ever witnessed in the Estates Celestial except the re-crowning of The Son in "The Land Married to God" and the resumption of His place on the Triple Throne with The Father and The Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XI.

AUREOLES AND HOW WON.

Splenetic Spirits—Terrestrial Fame of Minor Consequence In the Second Estate—Contrasts—The Unpardonable Sin.

Here abound Splenetic Spirits, brooders over the insignificancy of their spiritual as compared with their mundane importance. God's economies run counter to their wishes and presumptions, and they are dissatisfied. The effort to adapt their moods to the wise methods and ordinances environing them in this Estate, is irksome and they are slow to conform their tempers thereto. However, of such God is tolerant and merciful.

Often the newly transfigured urges: "I would have sight of such as were of towering fame in the flesh."

Now, disappointment waits on those thus minded. Such inquirer is astonished to find that the exalted of earth are here humbled, and the cast down of earth are here exalted.

Sceptred kings of renown, world lauded conquerors, money princes whose vaults contained mil-

lions, they find marked zero in the estimate of released spirits.

And they find also that the salaams and obsequious bowings and the fawning servility of earth, do not follow such hither.

Albeit, the Jerusalem widow's two brass mites, her living, proved fee for white robe and nimbus.

And they who give breadcrust and a cup of water to the fainting wayfarer, such being their best store, simply open a ledger-page with God, of nature unpurchasable with any earthly hoard.

God is a lavish paymaster.

Whoso confides his all unreservedly to Him, be it much or of worth ever so humble in the eyes of the world, shall bless the hour his confidence took such trend.

Neither great bulses filled with kohinoors nor ten thousand Ophirs multiplied by ten thousand, could buy an aureole; but they whose Souls vehiculate forth afflatus kindred to "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," or, "Lead Kindly Light," or, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," are rewarded with such insignia woven of God's smiles.

The holy Ascetic of the Dead Sea wilderness, rough vestured of camel's hair and eater of locust meat and nectar of wild bees, emerged from an enforced death to a brilliant inheritance beyond the reach of tyrant or hate of abandoned woman.

AUREOLES AND HOW WON.

That ages old Apothegm of opulence, whose coffers were over-brimmed with Pactolian gold and whom the world refuses to forget because of his great riches, is far less consequential in this Estate than the beggar that has franchise of Abraham's bosom.

The Macedonian who, on the plains of Issus, sacrificed five thousand score of lives, and who (the world conquered) moved in an atmosphere savoring of demigod exaltation, is of immeasurably less stature hitherward than the thief who begged favor of his Lord as both hung dying on the Cross. Aye, the Greek broods in insignificancy and almost without hope; certainly without promise of better conditioning until he shall bring his will into assimilation with the will of the Master, while the other holds crozier of authority at the right hand of the ensovereigned Nazarine.

The Tiberian fisherman, bearer of the oriflamme of Christ up to the very portals of Rome's pagan shrines in defiance of Neronian hate and even crucifixion itself, is a Son of Light in the Third Estate. And what of his diademed persecutor and murderer? In sooth, all these centuries has he continued a more pitiable object than any imagining of hoofed Centaur of Tartarus.

Terrene fame is a dire nightmare and phantasmagoria.

Its golden cup is never free from tang of wormwood.

Caesar drew sword successfully against his country's decrees, yet, owing to burdens of state and envious hate, his life was tense with anxiety, and finally the dagger brought it to an ignominious end.

And the apotheosis of the Corsican at Notre Dame by a Pope's "*Vivat Imperator In Aeternum*!" and a world's plaudits for his martial glory, did not compensate him for the bitter humiliations of Elba and Waterloo and the hopeless despair of St. Helena.

These twain, ancient and modern, once tossed die with Fate and pledged millions of human lives in forfeit, but here they are obscure recluses (as are others of their ilk) and in nowise the superiors of the average habitues of the Gehennas distributed up and down the limitless borders of this Estate. Even the Spirits of the wretches whose tragic fate in the Valley of Achor shall never be lost to the memory of man, were the wiser. They by repentance born of agony of Soul became reconciled to God.

Consider the Egyptian siren. Morally worthless now as when fanged by the maddened asp, she has consorting in this Estate only with the regal impure, while the wronged Octavia, even in pagan bonds angelic, has footing among the Elect.

AUREOLES AND HOW WON.

Aye, on reaching this side of the Great Divide the kings and princes and lords of earth, take rank according to their moral worth.

Many a beggar whose sores were licked by dogs at the gates of potentates, stands higher than they, because meek and humble and true to the requirements of the august Monarch of the skies.

In this Estate there is no punctilious etiquette of courts, no heraldric controversies, no jealousies over matters of precedence by wearers of coronets.

All are weighed in the balance and whoso are found wanting are denied the favor of the Being they have wronged.

And they who were greatest of earth, yet neglected or were careless to fulfill right duty of magnitude corresponding to their opportunities or capabilities, are all the more under weight of just condemnation.

Albeit, the most reprehensible of transgressors are those who assume the sacred vows of the Divine Ministry through the loving efficacy of the Holy Ghost, but prove false and dishonor their sacred covenants. Such blasphemous recreancy is treason against the Holy Ghost and constitutes the Unpardonable Sin.*

*He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness.—*Mark* 3:29.

CHAPTER XII.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

Abducted Heir and Defiant Gypsy—Ruse of the Disembodied Soul of a Famous Detective—Supernatural Aid of Justice.

In a valley amid the Lepontine (Helvetian) Alps, a few easy miles from the Pass of St. Gothard, abides, or did abide, the Albairds, reputed as of patrician descent and known for goodly spaces of time as holding a demesne that had been a family possession for two well rounded centuries.

Thrift ever held high place among this family's forbears, whereby each left his successor more broad acres and gold in hand than he himself came by when the ancestral trust was handed over to his keeping.

Now, a memorable experience and most thrilling came to the House of Albaird.

At the close of a midsummer day there appeared at the abode of the well circumstanced Switzer a Gypsy lorel, the leader of a little band in ramshackle carts that had come to a halting some hundred or more paces down the way. The tawny

vagabond's errand was to beg bread for himself and his tatterdemalions and a few wisps of straw for his jaded bidets.

He was turned away with naught in his hand, whereat he decried his fate bitterly, which brought the rebuff:

"*Schweig, hund!*" (Silence, hound!)

Next dawn despoiled fowl perches and the disappearance of a fatted kid from the byre, bespoke nocturnal marauding, and the Albaird household and tenantry were wroth thereat and in temper to requite the pilferers should they be discovered.

The Gypsy beggars of the previous evening (their kind ever under ban) were suspicioned, and mounted men hastily took trail and to such purpose that they found, within a scant hour's ride, their biped quarry (*humanus*) secreted in an obscure ravine behind a dense screen of stunted firs.

Below the rocky ledge whereon was huddled the vagrants, dashed a small torrent in whose stony bed were lodged, and could be plainly descried, sundry portions of the night's spoil, cast thither on approach of the pursuing party.

The twilight caller of the previous day was not at first visible, but directly was found and brought to light from underneath an old pallet in one of the carts.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

Dragged thence by the heels, his wrists were securely tied, one to other, with green strips cut from the skin of the slain kid. Having thus been made secure, his captors strapped him to a spavined sumpter that stood browsing near by, and forced him, despite his struggles and indignant protests, to accompany them to the official quarters of a neighboring magistrate (*landamman*).

There upon conviction a heavy mulct was adjudged, which the erstwhile beggar was constrained to tell grudgingly from his girdle in minted gold. And in furtherance of justice a calendar month's immurement in a strong jail (*gefängniss*) was decreed as a part of the law's score, with each seventh day (Sunday) as "Bread and Water Day."

Hence on the Gypsy communed with Vengeance by the hour.

Herr Albaird's chiefest joy and blessing was an heir in the little being of Wilhelm Hofrath, so christened, a lively chit (*bube*) and only issue living of his many years of married life.

Preciousest of his treasures or what belongings soever was this crowing, frolicsome, red cheeked boy of five twelvemonths. He was the sum and ultimation of all happiness, anticipation, hope-dreams of his parents.

Now it befell that as the evening hour of an



The Gypsy Abducting Little Wilhelm Albaird—Page 133

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

August day was darkening into thicker night, this tender scion was racing up and down the ancestral mansion's great hall, causing it to echo with his childish shouts.

The lamps were not yet alight, and at a moment when no eye observed, a shadowy figure glided in over the threshold and hastily taking the little form in arms, dodged noiselessly out into the dark again.

The child was quickly missed.

His name was called in hall and corridor, and up and down and through many a chamber, and about the grounds, but he answered not.

Indescribable consternation filled the abode.

Where was little Wilhelm?

What power or hand had so suddenly snatched him from sight and hearing?

Whither away was spirited the little Master?

Ach Gott! whither, O whither?

Directly a crumpled and soiled paper sheet was found lying on the floor whereon these words were scrawled:

"Faff Ammaar, the Gypsy, speaks:

"At weary set of sun on a day thou well bethinkest, I fain would have eaten of the crumbs of thy table, but thou didst spurn my outstretched hand. Then, as the night waned, of thine own did I stealthily gather in to my fill. For this was I gyved

and dragged to the magister who robbed me of my all, and as further tale and reckoning did force my stay behind clouted doors till the moon found another waning. So carry I away thy son in whom this debt giveth me just title and warrant. He is dearer to thee than thy heart-strings, else art thou kin of the very curs in thy kennel. Now, have heed, for my words are sharp of meaning. If justice hath countenance of thee, make good my gold, one, two, three, yea, half-score times, with other half-score for my prison abiding. Say me nay, and I take thy son to other lands, whereaway, reft of leg or arm or eye, he shall do my bidding under cuff and lash and beg my bread, whereof much is vouchsafed the maimed from very pity. But if thou be of mind favorable, truss the gold in bag of goatskin, which sink in the Ticino, where it hath flow at the bend below Quinto, twelve span off the big rock as points the arrow I have marked thereon with mine own hand. The work must be of the morrow's midnight doing. Then speed thou my commands without fault or breach, and I, Faff Ammaar, sweareth to thee by all the oaths of Romany Tschib, that thou shalt come again to thine own without loss of so much as one flax lock of head or harmful scratch of body. But hold I this up before thee, shouldst thou appoint watch over the river where resteth the

gold with intent of my undoing, I will send thy sprig's head to thee in a swineherd's wallet.

"So much, with Faff Ammaar's adieux."

Herr Albaird, although resourceful, sagacious and of bold and determined temperament, was in this exigence baffled.

Dire forebodings filled his heart.

The ruffian was cruel, that was racial, and revengeful because of the punishment meted out for his thievery, therefore, even if his commands met compliance he might wantonly destroy that cherished life and thus end the old and honorable family line of the Albairds.

Friends and conservators of the peace were hurriedly summoned and deep counsel taken.

Every aspect of the situation had scanning but no satisfactory conclusion came uppermost.

It was an obstinate problem and seemingly unsolvable.

It only remained to carry out the desperado's demands. To this end timely steps were taken and at the hour named a bag containing the full sum specified was carefully committed to the designated place in the river.

The transaction was performed with the aid of a single lantern's light at the hour chosen by the

nomad, the lateness of which was regarded as betokening a desire to have all accomplished without attracting observation. And it was thought politic to not cross the fellow's humor.

Where the gold was submerged the water's depth scarcely marked a half fathom, and the current was next to imperceptible owing to the projection of a part of the rock out into the stream, whereby the flow from above was deflected in a lateral direction.

The party after performing their work retired with the lantern still burning, as thereby it could be seen, were the transaction under espial, that withdrawal was made in full complement.

Nevertheless, the place had stealthy surveillance.

Two men of Herr Albaird's engaging had early in the night crept into a near-by growth of shrubbery, each with a firearm heavily charged, under instruction to shoot down, without challenge or warning, any who should enter the river to secure the sunken treasure.

However, their vigil was barren of incident.

The morning dawned without approach of human or other creature, for which reason the twain were dumbfounded to find on investigation that the goatskin pouch had disappeared.

This was all the more a cause of wonder since their watch had been vigilant and untiring, and they

were confident that no one had come near or at least had appeared within range of their vision during the night; besides the weight of the gold should, nay, would of a certainty, have prevented its shift by other than human agency.

Not only this, but precaution had been taken to anchor the packet by means of lead plummets to the river-bed, although the current there, as already explained, was hardly perceptible.

Then how, under all these conditions, the heavy bag could have disappeared was a most perplexing riddle.

On the morning of the succeeding day another paper scrap was found under the great door of the Albaird mansion. After much study its awkward tracings were deciphered to this effect:

"Faff Ammaar, the Gypsy, speaks yet again and for the last time.

"Thy gold have I from the river, but thou didst set watch for my coming, a treachery against which I did warn thee. So my first covenant with thee hath end. Go, thou, and on the second midnight henceforward place in the selfsame manner in the river-pool by the rock, thrice the gold I already have from thee, and it shall be accounted as thy son's ransom. Bend to no more baseness I do abjure thee, but give full heed and measure to my

ordering, else delve in thy best earth, or other as thou choosest, a grave for thy bantling.

"I give thee my last adieux."

These words caused Hope to take wing. It was unmistakable that no more dependence could be placed on the assurances of this depraved knave, as he would claim breach of faith (to which only himself had professed obligation) in justification of any violation of pledges his perfidious spirit might conjure up.

In a wedge-shaped valley a league away along the mountain road, were assembled a number of Gypsy families, headed by a woman whom they chose to call their queen.

This personage was wrinkled and of scrawny habit and had the look and presence of a witch.

She affected a scarlet robe and yellow wimple, and wore for a girdle a serpent's skin flashy with bangles and charms and tiny shells, with which her fingers were ever at play.

The vagrants were tarrying there for advantage of grazing, of which their animals stood in pressing need, and to effect repairs of their crazy equipments.

Faff Ammaar had lot and interest with these campers, but for obvious reasons kept cover by day

although at night he crept forth to spend a few social hours with his family and to mingle with his tribe.

After receiving the abductor's last communication Herr Albaird, accompanied by a goodly following of his lieges, repaired to this rendezvous where he conferred, or attempted to confer, with the Gypsy queen and her knavish retinue concerning his son.

But no revelation came of his inquiries. The bedizened ruler and those about her disclaimed all knowledge whatever of the movements of Faff Ammaar or of the lawless acts which betokened him an enemy of the commonweal.

Now, of more prominence, seemingly, than other of this herd was a tall rogue, Zwick Iss of name, to whom appeal was especially made.

The fellow was haughty of bearing and of imperturbable gravity. A large amulet of polished plasma and bearing ideograms, depended from a massive chain of gold about his neck. In his ears were rings, and from his sash gleamed the hilt of a dagger.

Plied with questionings, he was no more communicative than his queen or fellow tribesmen.

Nothing could move him.

His little son, of like age of the stolen child, was playing about the family van (*wagen*), and the endeavor was made to excite his sympathies by referring to the natural affection he must entertain

for his little boy and pressing home the deep concern that would weigh upon his heart were the status of the two fathers reversed.

"If this thy young son, whom thou dost love most tenderly, were stolen from thee," urged Herr Albaird, "wouldst thou not feel it to be the imperative duty of whoever had knowledge of his whereabout to forthwith inform thee, and even to assist thee in regaining possession of him?"

But the Gypsy was unresponsive and even contemptuous, for he turned and walked away without deigning a reply.

The evasions and sinister behavior of this vagabond and those about him, convinced the mounted party that it was idle to expect seconding from them, or any whatever assistance, in their quest for the stolen child.

At the same time firm became their conviction that the rascally outcasts had knowledge of the abduction and possibly shared, or would share, in any exactions wrung from the Albaird purse in connection therewith.

When the mouth-wary Zwick Iss turned so disdainfully aside the angry burghers rode from the place for consultation.

While so engaged they were surrounded by Disembodied Souls who had taken an absorbing interest in the abduction villainy from its inception.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

Among the incorporeal throng appeared the Spirit of Vidocq, the aforetime famous French detective, who at once communicated with Herr Albaird by obsession.

Suddenly the latter exclaimed:

"Brave hearts, I am seized of a plan by means whereof, God wot, I can recover mine heir and return him once more to his very own Hall and Hearth, on this ever to be sweet day of memory to me and my house. And, in sooth, great joy shall also trip thither in his company and in thine and mine, I do avow thee, if thou wilt so turn about thy faces and spur back with me yet once more upon the vantage turf of Zwick Iss. Do this, I cease not to pray thee, and while with leveled muzzles we hold the miscreant in his tracks, my good man Johannes shall lift to pummel his wizen whelp (*welf*), on whom we will keep hand until the lying caitiff betaketh himself to Faff Ammaar's cave-hiding and bringeth thence to me mine own mite boy Wilhelm."

"Aye! Aye! Away! Away!" rang out and the resolute Swiss, as by one impulse, cantered furiously back into the startled camp. They instantly surrounded the lofty Gypsy and covered him with their weapons to his intense surprise.

The little imp they wished to secure was on the further side of the fellow's vehicle, where he stood peering at the horsemen in wide-eyed wonder.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

Johannes rode round and quickly bending caught him up without leaving the saddle.

At this Zwick Iss whipped forth his dagger and with mumbled oath turned to fly to the rescue of his squalling youngling, but Herr Albaird thrust his cocked pistol into the swarthy countenance and burst out:

"Move, thief, and thou diest!"

Then he hissed:

"Ill born dog that thou art, we now have thee on even terms! Whatever of evil befalls mine own son, the like shall befall this counterpart of thee. Thou knowest well, arch knave, where my little boy is hidden away, and well dost know that threat is in air to pluck out his eye, or sever leg or arm, or even to take his life. If thus done, then this oaf of thine shall undergo similar trimming or like end, and so do I swear to thee by the living God! Then go, thou scoundrel, bring hither my son and in exchange receive again to thy keeping thine own hedge-born brat!"

The nomad was astonished.

This sudden and unexpected turn disconcerted and unnerved him.

He cast a glance at Herr Albaird, whose face was livid with fury, then scanned the countenances of the stern men about him. Their every feature was knit with inflexible determination, and quailing

before their keen looks the Gipsy let fall his gaze to the ground.

Confused, bewildered, his dark face turned pale, and as he again glanced up into the barrels of a dozen weapons in range of his head, he choked and trembled as if on the verge of collapse.

His child the while, with extended arms, went off into spasms of screams to be received once more to the paternal breast.

Presently the Gypsy mother, hearing her little son's shrill cries, came running from among the tethered horses she was heeding further up the valley.

On her approach Johannes spurred away along the road with his noisy charge securely in hand.

The woman, on learning why forcible seizure had been made of her offspring, excitedly pulled her lord aside and after short communing the fellow turned his dark visage to Herr Albaird and muttered:

"I go."

Thereupon he walked hurriedly down to a neighboring defile and pushing his way into the tangled fir umbrage disappeared from view. Not many minutes elapsed before he reappeared leading little Wilhelm by the hand.

The delighted father galloped forward and lifting up his little son, clasped his childish form to his heart.

A triumphant shout arose from his associates who also raced to the spot and with simple expressions gave the little master kindly greeting. But he only sobbed, "*Vater*! *Vater*! *Vater*!" as he twined his chubby arms tightly around his sire's neck and nestled his cheek, wet with pouring tears, against that face now beaming with delight. Aye, the very ecstacy of joy gladdened Herr Albaird's heart, as he bent over to the preciousest of all beings on earth to him, ostensibly to bestow caresses, but really to hide from the sight of the sturdy company the moisture that over-brimmed his own half-closed lids.

Soon after the Gipsy mother received her son back to her embraces.

The overjoyed troop then rode across field and once more regained the highway, but before turning face homeward two of their number were dispatched to the rock in the Ticino to ascertain, if possible, by what artifice the cunning abductor had secured the submerged gold.

Then the riders began to move forward when lo, Vidocq again became an inspiration to Herr Albaird.

Thereupon the excited Switzer suddenly pulled at bit with such nerve that his animal reared and settled back upon stifle, and all tightened rein as came the shout:

"Hold! Hold! good friends mine! if I may be further beholden to thee, for with thy true aid and

helpful I will again have to my better keeping the gold so vilely extorted from my honest store, together with the wretch who hath made such despite of me and mine. Both, do I take mine oath, are at our beck and will. Then turn head and follow me yet again into the foul nest of these thieving Ishmaelites, where each man of us (and muster we a goodly score) will hoist a Gypsy fledgling up to arm, aye, and hold and hie hence with it, if so be that varlet, Faff Ammaar, is not given over to our custody for such pinch and turn of law as may seem just for his deservings."

This stout speech was in hearty accord with those doughty hearts and upon Johannes receiving the recovered youngster for prompt deliverance to his mother (at that moment on couch at home calling distractedly for her darling Wilhelm,) the cavalcade swept back once more at mad gallop into the midst of the Gypsies.

It was a stirring adventure withal.

The screaming children were laid hold of and torn from parental grasp with harsh epithets and menace of weapon and soon the dark skinned mothers, fearing their offspring would be carried away, they knew not whither, gave utterance on all sides to loud wails and boisterous lamentations.

Anon Herr Albaird, with hand uplifted, called out in stentorian tones:

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

"Degraded thieves and vagrants all, hear thy fate! Thy progeny, which we hold behind primed weapons, shall be kept in hostage until Faff Ammaar, bound hand and foot, be given into our holding and mine own gold returned whereof he hath robbed me, and therewith pay also to the last groschen, for fowl and fatted kid thieved by him away from my freehold at dead hour of night. And bear me witness, miserable robbers that ye are, be he not brought hither before the Quinto bells betoken the noontide, we will flush ye all, hound, harridan and hag, into the gorges, give thy jades free shift of tether, thy wagonage to flame and thy spawn to our drudgery!"

This appalling threat struck to the hearts of the nomads.

They huddled together in earnest counsel which ended by all—men, women and the Queen herself—hurrying away to the gulf whence the child Wilhelm had been brought scarce an hour before.

In its dark recesses lurked Faff Ammaar, whose surprise was unbounded as he beheld the entire camp descending on his place of hiding.

By deceitful representations the rascal was decoyed up into the valley and there set upon and bound with thongs, while from his lips poured forth horrid imprecations against his fellow vagabonds.

As he lay helpless on the ground, the Queen

beckoned Herr Albaird to approach and pointing to her venomous subject said:

"There lies Faff Ammaar to thy pleasure, and I hand thee his girdle containing thy gold, and beside take these three score marks to recompense thee for thy further loss at the hands of this begetter of woe and wail to my people."

Herr Albaird received the belt and silver without word.

The doomed prisoner was fastened securely on a horse, and the swart brood having been given their freedom, away trotted the cavalcade with their prisoner, in exultant spirits, to the Albaird abode. There the remaining hours of the day were given over to festivity and feasting and to the hilarity that generous goblets of *kirschenwasser* always promote.

Betimes the men returned who had been commissioned to inspect the river-pool whence the gold was so mysteriously abstracted.

The enigma was solved, upon their finding the means, carefully arranged, for repeating the juggle in order to secure the second installment ordered placed there in manner similar to the first.

The crafty villain had spread and anchored on the river's bed with leaden pellets a wide breadth of fish-netting trimmed circularwise, through the outer meshes of which had been reeved a stout cord that

extended thence under the surface of the water to the opposite bank of the stream. From that vantage the cord when pulled drew the netting over the gold, the weight of which held down its center and caused its edges to come puckering together like a woman's work-bag.

By such contriving was the treasure secured and dragged to the thither side of the channel without observation.

And it should also be explained that from his covert on the further side the wily kidnapper (suspicious and therefore purposely lingering) saw the two spies creep from the bushes at daybreak that morning, and greatly enjoyed their manifest discomfiture as they peered down into the water and failed to discover the packet deposited there the previous night. And still keener was his gratification as he reasoned that the ambush of these men, contrawise to his command and warning, would justify further spoliation, which he attempted only to bring disaster upon himself.

The knave once more became a subject of judicial inquisition and for his atrocious offence, proven without successful counter attestation, was sentenced to immurement for a long term of years.

This affair, which brought the Albairds to the verge of despair, had right outcome through Spirit intervenience.

SUPERIOR INSIGHT OF RELEASED SOULS.

And not unfrequently has it happened in this and other ages that upon dread occasions, when Hope was lost to finite hearts, Disembodied Souls have come with their sharper penetration and super-exalted acumen and solved all wisely and happily.

Touching such attributions, the Soul in the flesh in no sense parallels the Soul out of the flesh, not from any innate deficience but because of physical clog and hampering.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNIVERSE.

The Coeternal Triunity—Machinery of the Universe—Its Sublime and Harmonious Play—Manual Work Bears the Stamp of Divinity.

We have found that Spirit, Space, Matter, constitute a coëxistent and coëternal Triunity. In other phrase, where Space is the Divine Essence is, Matter is. The limits of the Created Universe do not hold all there is of this Triunity.

Were it so there would be no further general and little supplemental work for the Great Architect to accomplish. As it is He pushes the reclamation of Space without cessation.

It is not the nature of the Omniscient Being to rest in idleness. Under the laws of causation He produces suns, gives planets their impulse, prescribes their orbits, and conditions worlds for the support of life, both animal and vegetable.

God's handiwork is the summation of perfection.

All through the Divine Empire His colossal machinery runs without shaft or axle, belt or journal,

gear or arbor. It is affected by neither accelerated speed nor lost motion. It operates without need of lubricant or call for repair. System countervails system, and planetary equilibration is adjusted with such nicety that the weight of an on-rolling wave affects gravitational units throughout a constellation.

Sublime is the reciprocating and harmonious play of the swiftly whirling spheres.

They and the blazing suns that splendorize the astro-fields, are eloquent proclamations of the wisdom and power of the Intelligence that devised and the Hand that fashioned them.

In this Estate there are no commonalities, but wonders crowding on wonders.

It will not be lost on reflective beings that God's own example and ordination place upon the manual work of the generations His imprint or brand.

From the battlements of Eternity the Immortals behold everywhere unceasing action.

In realms where Time is not, and in realms where the horologe marks the passing hours, everything illustrates practical activity or symbolizes exertion.

In attest note the careering globes in the heavens, the woven nests of birds; the restless ocean, the flowing river; the sweeping clouds, the chambered ant-world; the primordial abyss yielding up new lumi-

naries, the works of man; the tunneling of earthworms, the wayward tempest.

What has visibility soever in the wide firmament above or upon the earth, be it the enormous orbital body or the humblest form of animal life, evidences activity in some form.

Had God been content to always exist passively, apathetically, the superb appointments of His palatial Universe, its sapphire domes and gem-encrusted floors and human generations as well, would now, all and singular, lie inert, unorganized substance in chaotic depths.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Man An Expression of God—His Right To Immortality—Annihilation An Inconsistency—Vacuity Not Preferable to Intelligent Presences—Christ's Atonement Is For Sinners In All Worlds Throughout Infinitude.

In man God has accomplished the creation of an Entity that is Immortal and being Immortal is not an incident of a day in the calendar of the Macrocosmic Kingdom, nor a wonderful Toy devised for His temporary amusement, with annihilation as its finality.

Man is a Divine Expression of God and is loved of God.

This means much.

It means the Divine permission for the creature to expect Immortal Life as an inherent and logical right.

To blot out the Divinely-imaged would be to make his creation an inconsistency and a freakish exercise of Omnipotent power.

And as man is in a sense divine and because of his divineness an integer of the general world of

spirit, his destruction would fill Heaven itself with gloom and apprehension.

Contrary reasoning is neither pragmatical nor defensible.

The minds of earthly doubters seem impervious to the great truth that the God Who has the ordering of this and all things other, is a God imbued with the clearest and most refined sense of justice, and in His every act illustrates the exalted proprieties that are becoming in so august a being as the head of the universe.

They should pursue this order of reasoning:

The All-wise has brought man upon the stage of action through His own appointed means, and given him a nature possessed of a natural and unconquerable desire for never ending life. Does not God Himself wish to eternally live? And He will judge the feelings of His creatures by His own, and act toward them as He would have them act toward Him were their relations reversed.

In other words, He will do as He would be done by.

He will not break the Golden Rule, which is as binding on Him as on man, and is of His own ordination.

God's obligation to Mercy, Right, Justice, differ in no sense from man's.

The Superior Being asks no more immunity from the rigid exactions of laws governing immutable principles than He enjoins on the inferior being.

Moreover, it is a legitimate, a natural presumption, that had the Divine plan contemplated the ultimate extinction of intelligent beings, they would scarcely have been endowed with God-like reasoning powers whereby they might judge that a fate of this nature would be the consummation of the most dreadful injustice.

For an earthly parent to destroy his offspring should no more shock the sense than for God to do the same thing.

If wrong in one it would be equally wrong in the other.

Nay, had God contemplated the annihilation of the human soul, He would have implanted therein an absolute indifference for Immortality rather than a passionate longing to live forever.

Such deductions on the part of dependent but rational intelligencies are natural and in no way disrespectful to the Creator nor presumptuous.

It is truthfulest of all things that our Father is the very Fountain of Love. We are assured His sympathy is so sensitive that not a sparrow falls to the ground unpitied of Him. Then how unreasonable, how impossible, that in the far weightier matter

of the human soul He should create and then ruthlessly destroy.

Aye, Love is the superlative word in the nomenclature of Omnipotence and was the impelling motive for filling the Universe with free intelligences and endless glories for their edification.

Love is the warrant for man's Immortality, the perennial benediction of God upon the Terrine Life of the sun-leashed earths of His domains—Life that in its overflow streams away like a limitless river, and shares the jeweled broidered folds of blue of the All-inwrapping Garment of God.

It occasions surprise to the Disembodied Soul that any healthful mind can entertain the annihilation theory and believe it to be the fiat of the gentle, sustaining and sympathetic Progenitor of humanity.

God is susceptible to man's every right, and He desires the perfect happiness of all spirit individualisms, incarnate and discarnate, throughout His infinite tenures.

As the sphericity of the Heavens is only apparent and all Space is one endless succession of zeniths and nadirs, it is indisputable that there is a sufficiency of room for the requirements of God and His creatures, multiply as the latter may throughout the continuity of an eternity of ages.

Now, can any well ordered mind suppose that the Adorable Being prizes vacancy above presences endowed with cognitive faculties, and places greater store of satisfaction upon Empty Space than upon legions of bright and alert Immortals who would fill it with animated life and real companionship for Him?

Furthermore, our Divine Master has uses for insensate matter and why not for sensate man?

True it is that intrinsic riches and entrancing joys, outvieing all concepts of terrene possessions or happiness namable, await deserving incarnate wanderers along Time's ambulatories which, on this earth and on all earths, lead to eternally fair and inviting conditions.

God made man in His own image spiritually, not physically. This is the meaning of the words: "Let us make man in Our image, after Our likeness."

God does not possess physical attributes and never assumes a physical form in either the First or the Second Estate. Nevertheless, He can exercise a physical power or force absolutely without limit.

Analagously, electricity is void of figure, but it exists and its tremendous energy is measurable by no means known to mundane science.

Not until the Soul is dissevered from all corporeal alliance does it enter upon its true existence.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

That exquisite inspiration of the Soul, Imagination, is in transcendent flower in the Second Estate. It fills the Higher Existence with visionings not excelled by Cherubic fancies or the reveries of angels.

As the peopled worlds or planets of supramundane space are all composed of like components, so human nature is the same throughout inhabited Infinity.

Men have, in what world soever susceptible of habitability, their work, their ambitions, their missions, their destiny.

Be they never so widely dissevered, it is their common nature to exult, to aspire, to enjoy, to grieve, to complain, to hope, to despair.

Possessed of an inborn propensity to sin, they yield thereto and often beckon it and welcome it.

Still there are awakened in mortals true rejoicing and not unfrequently even ecstacy over the verity, that although dwellers on planets remote from Calvary, perchance multiplied billions or any number of miles, they nevertheless are beneficiaries of Christ's atoning blood.

And as moral obliquity is universally of the same stamp or attribution, such a sacrifice if efficacious for one world is efficacious for all.

To crucify the Son of God in every inhabited world as an atonement for the moral distempers thereof, would be to subject him to a horrible fate,

since the number of such worlds mounts up into millions and even billions, as may be reasonably conjectured.

And there would be added thereto the new worlds and those in process of formation, of which there will be no end.

Calvary, then, is the Christ-shrine of the Universe.

Its Messianic Sacrifice will compensate for the sins of mortal man in all astral configurations wheresoever, until the last human eye closes in sublunary death.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEAD PLANET IDOLICUM.

Its Ghostly Wonders—The Palace of a King—City Sights—A Weird Necropolis—Temples and Theatres—Strange Spectacles—A Battlefield.

In a celestial tract far beyond the blazing Galaxy or Milky Way—God's Epic writ in fire on the imperial blue—there is a siderial system in which is orbited a dead world filled with perished nations.

This inert body bears the name among Immortals of Idolicum.

Originally its position or pathway in the solar plan to which it belongs, was so favorably ordered that it teemed with human and other life and abounded with all manner of riches whatsoever.

The dwellers in this terraqueous heritage were aforetime worshipers of the true God, but finally lapsed from their high estate and chose the stars for their divinities.

They persisted in their blindness through immemorial ages, ever declaring it their indefeasible right and becoming duty to worship the scintillous orbs that bediamonded the concave above them.

Perverse, stiff-necked, little recking the fate that was toward, these paganical precisians scorned their Creator and that Living Faith foreordained by His infinite wisdom for the refining of gross spirit and adapting it to the perfections and harmonies of the Higher Life.

And since they would in nowise forsake their heathenish practices, Omniety decided to extirpate them from His sovereignty, as would a husbandman noxious weeds from his tillage.

In consummation of this purpose the Almighty Power imparted to their earth a quick and prodigious impulse which caused it to shoot out and away from its path with unimaginable velocity.

It was projected far out into space where was prescribed for it a new orbital course and, necessarily, of greater periodicity than had appertained to its old path.

The sudden transition of animal and vegetable life from a climate tempered with summer warmth and gentle airs natural to its previous track of periodical revolution, to the most frigorific conditions, had an effect absolutely and instantly destructive.

Everywhere on the extruded planet Death held sway.

Men at their vocations, animals afield, birds

and tribes of fur and fin, trees and all vegetation, were subjected to one common fate.*

Having heard much of this weird globe, which was represented as abounding in spectral wonders wholly without parallel or similarity in all the astral spaces, I formed the resolution of visiting it in person that I might ascertain whether or no the astonishing reports were veridical.

My intent was carried out and O Heaven! whichever of those wonders shall my chronicle first bear testimony, and with what adequate language can I describe the sights that opened on my vision in that sombre and sepulchral world?

Upon reaching the dead planet I found myself on the summit of a range of hills extending many leagues away on the right hand and on the left. Toward the distant southern horizon these elevations assumed the uplift of mountains, whose outlines rose sharply against a cerulean sky.

Owing to the intensity of the cold and the absence of both atmosphere and moisture, everything, as I soon discovered, animate and inanimate, retained

*Science conjectures that the temperature of interstellar space is not less than 500 degrees below zero, a frigidity that would quickly congeal an ocean, and instantaneously extinguish the life and solidify the body of a human being.

the form, color and appearance that were its characteristics when whirled into outer space.

As I gazed abroad I descried in the distance a great city, beyond which were loomings of a frozen sea with ice-bound, sinuous coasts.

The widespread metropolis displayed everywhere domes and towers, and turreted palaces, and temples whose lofty spires pierced the skies.

I repaired thither and the spectacles I saw overwhelmed me with astonishment. Along the rectilinear avenues were human throngs to whom the piercing cold (or judgment of God) had brought instant death. Some were leaning against the walls of buildings, others reposed on seats in attitudes both natural and unnatural, but the greater number lay extended on the ground.

It was not surprising that I found the entrances of business as well as inhabited structures everywhere open, since the thrifty and fresh appearance of vegetation indicated the mid-summer season when that earth was flung from its orbit and at one lightning-like plunge reached and even swept far beyond the cold line of death.

In shops and bazaars I could see, as I passed along, the lifeless dealers and their once assistants, reclining upon tables heaped with the commodities of trade, or, peradventure, sitting on cushioned forms at their ease.

In others the attendants appeared in the act of displaying wares to prospective customers, and when life ceased were prevented from falling by the supporting merchandise piled up before them.

In whatever posture individuals or the multitude chanced to be when the change came, they were frozen so quickly, or life departed so suddenly, that their attitudes remained undisturbed, save that those who were standing without support fell to earth.

And their faces retained health's color withal, and as their eyes were open their appearance seemed all the more lifelike.

The countenances of those who had thus died bore no evidences of pain, nay, some even wore smiles as if their spirits passed when their hearts were light and cheery.

But O the oppressive silence of that monstrous sepulchre!

On the streets were lying animals of burden with their drivers, and here and there were chariots or vehicles of fashion not unlike the old-time pilentum, filled with pleasurists and drawn by beasts richly caparisoned.

And on curb and corner sat or lay many a mendicant, perchance deformed or diseased, with outstretched hand in which, as appeared, a passer-by

(now prone by his side) was in act of bestowal of alms.

Everywhere was there gleam of stars, the divine symbols of the benighted race.

They scintillated in wayside shrines and shone on building fronts; they constituted the sacred teraphim in private abodes; as phylacteries they were suspended by chain or cord from the necks of old and young; women were belted with them, and both sexes wore ear-pendants of starry shapes.

The temples of these pagans were square and of massive construction. They uniformly presented four fronts, all architectural duplicates, and each front was pierced with arched entrance ways.

The walls of the exterior were adorned with large stars composed of groups of similar tokens but smaller, wrought of sardonyx and ligure, of agate and amethyst, of topaz and sardius, all in *basso relievo* and of glassy polish. Central in the shining clusters were stars of burnished gold.

These places of worship were unprovided with adyta, as the established cultus did not require such oracular sanctuaries or sanctums.

The priests officiated under elegant ciboriums, and at hand were libatory bocals and censers, and musical instruments not altogether dissimilar to tabors and marimbas, for use in their heathenish rites.

The altars had place in the center of the auditoriums, and were always marvels of magnificence. They shone with the venerated symbols of the skies shaped from gold latten, and convenient thereto were wands and verges or croziers, also candelabrums fashioned cunningly and supplied with large tapers of fragrant wax.

From the lofty ceilings hung star-shaped devices for holding cierges, and along the walls were gilded consoles whereon rested cinerary urns of black amber containing the ashes of distinguished members of the priesthood or of illustrious citizens.

The auditoriums on either side of the long aisles radiating from the altars, were provided with bronze sittings having backs and arms for the comfort of worshipers, and near the altars were tribunes from which the sacerdotal order paraded their mystic ceremonials and mummeries before their congregations.

The ceilings and walls were covered with stars of burnished gold, the only icons in those stately fanes.

While the sun was above the horizon these temples were unfrequented by either priests or people. Only when the stars shone from clear skies were the adorations of their devotees acceptable.

Whenever these divinities drew vapory curtains before their bright thrones, and especially

when they masked their beaming effulgence with clouds and storms which, it was believed, they alone had power to evoke, their signal displeasure was betokened, and at such times for human foot to commit the sacrilege of crossing the sacred thresholds of the temples, was to invite inevitable destruction.

I wandered desultorily about the far spreading metropolis, peering at the silent and motionless figures within the edifices and without, and contemplating the evidences observable on every side of the once eddying and bustling but now stilled activities of the town.

Presently I drew near a majestic structure on whose splendid facade shone a large winged star of beaten gold. This device was an insignia of royalty, for, indeed, before me rose the palace of the ruler of the kingdom.

I ascended the broad steps and passed down an imposing colonnade at the left, from which a delightful view opened on a broad esplanade, magnificent with its exquisite vistas, great fountains, floral-bordered walks and winding drives bestrewn with silvery sands.

In umbratical groves and far down the lawns gleamed chiseled fauns and nymphs, monoceroses and giant Graces, and Cyclopean figures holding high above their upturned faces large stars, all whereof

were elaborated of marble fine as ever yielded quarry of Paros.

And there were forms of men and women richly costumed, leaning here upon the white curbs of reservoirs, and reclining there in seats along the promenades. They were as mute and motionless as the pedestaled objects about them.

And the long lines of trees were gracefully twined with ivies and vines, and in their leafage gleamed birds gay of plumage whose songs, beyond doubting, once lent additional charm to the royal grounds.

In the distance could be seen gelid streams and miniature cascades, and on artificial hills stood handsome shrines, their interiors finished with mother-of-pearl, wherein scintillations betokened the ever-present stars.

I continued on down the noble colonnade, which extended for many a goodly rood.

The lofty pillars were of fluted marble and their annulets seemed wrought of *aurichalcum*, or of a kind of bronze perchance, and were enriched with foils sharply cut in relief.

Against the black marble plinths stood alabaster urns of large size containing rare plants, some of a vineal nature that not unfrequently trailed their beauties over-brim down along the mosaic floors, and here and there straggled in profuse exuber-

ance still lower over the broad steps that flanked the palace on every side.

At the farther limit of the stately structure, on the right of the esplanade, unrolled a magnificent efflorescent sea.

Its parterres were gorgeous, and its pleasances and bowers beautifully canopied and festooned with scandent growths whose buds and flowers jewelled their leafy weft of living green.

The mazy walks were fringed with ribbon-grass, fern-inwreathed and graceful and feathery as any helmet's panache.

Half-hidden in herbage and curious blowth were secluded grottoes, tapestried with ivy of gaudy foliage and carpeted with velvet mosses of many hues.

And scattered through this carnival of floral glory were picturesque lodges and chalets constructed wholly of intorted shrubbage and climbing lianos whose convolutions, which constituted both thatch and wall, were showered with blossoms interspersed with a wealth of emerald leaves.

Far and near espaliers shone with ripened fruits, multihued, that gleamed like gems in the green drapery of the bended branches; and streamlets were there which wound along sphagnum-reddened courses, their terraced banks tangled with bush and shrub of similitude to broom and laurestine and the guilder-rose.

In all the Universe there could scarcely have been a more entrancing spot than that touch of Paradise when it smiled in fretwork of sun and shadow beneath its native, far-away skies of blue.

Betimes I leisurely retraced my steps, scanning with much interest the new sights and wonders freshly unfolding far and near, until the great entrance once more fronted me.

Passing over the threshold I found myself in a vast vestibule or hall, gracefully pillared and arched and with tessellated floors. At the right stood a tall concierge leaning on a naked sword, with his left hand grasping the shaft of a spear that pressed against the marble jamb of the entrance-way.

There were many figures about the imposing room, all attired in costly habits and seemingly of dignified port.

Some there were who held rolls of parchment in their hands as if on business of state; others who may have been courtiers or attendants on the royal person, and others again in uniform and wearing swords, who, I held, were in all probability of the military establishment of the country.

I took my way into adjoining saloons and apartments, all richly adorned with hangings and marquetry and of indescribable magnificence.

The floors were inlaid with polished beryl and lazuli, sard and other rare stones, in representation



The King and the Dancers—*Page 171*

of flowers and fruits, of wave-kissed shores and scenes of rural loveliness.

Between the handsome pilasters were beautiful frescoes executed by a master hand, and the window-framework was embellished with anthemions or palmettes and fretted mouldings, all in gilt.

Along the walls gleamed triple rows of lustres with filagree ornamentation, and from above depended chandeliers, deftly formed of enamel and crystal and banded with gold. Throughout the splendid court the paneled ceilings were studded with stars, isolated and in clusters.

I entered a great room or hall where the king, superbly robed, sat under a canopy in an ivory chair. Over this chair had been carelessly flung a downy tabaret of lutescent hue, whose ample folds flowed down upon the floor. The walls were hung with lustrous crimson arras, and the doors bore vignettes of carved vines and blossoms with gilded cinquefoils on their every panel.

Before the royal presence was a bevy of girls, half a score and upwards were there, lissom of appearance and fair as the houris of a faery heaven.

The shapely nymphs were costumed in textures silken and light, and evidently were dancing for the edification of their royal master at the moment of the awful catastrophe that destroyed all life in that hapless world.

Their graceful forms lay prostrate on the floor, save that here and there a radiant beauty sat upright with head slightly bowed.

Around the snowy throats of these lovely beings were necklaces of pearls rich with flash of prismy hues, and their fingers sparkled with emeralds and sapphires and other rare stones.

Each also wore anklets of tiny bells, and one and all grasped castanets of polished shell. Their hair, held back from the brow by fillets of blazing jewels, fell in wavy masses over their shoulders down to their diamond cinctures that quivered with fire.

Seated at one side were the musicians with their flutes and reeds and stringed instruments, and about the room on sittings resembling fauteils and on cushioned divans, were groups of handsome women with their eyes seemingly bent on the dancers before them.

The motionless spectacle in that great apartment, which had sounded with harmonic strains and the rythmic patter of satin-slippered feet, but was now forever hushed and silent, might have passed for a gorgeous tableau in some enchanted castle, or a brilliant pageant suddenly held motionless by thaumaturgic power.

And the open eyes, the life-like color and natural expression of countenance, imparted to the picture a realism that almost lured the fancy into belief that those faces and figures were warm with life's

vital current and instinct with the pulsing functions of active being.

My curiosity led me along galleries to lavishly appointed guest chambers and boudoirs and through the apartments of purple and gold of the royal family.

Even the king's vestiary did not escape my scrutiny.

I entered that most exclusive of regal rooms and looked over the royal garniture, inclusive of uniforms, robes of state, heavy tabards for hunt or camp composed of corded silk with stripes of gold, togas of softest web and shining with corruscations of gems, and also such gear as a masquer might don or a mummer affect rather than a king. (Albeit, royalty and whimsicality are often boon familiars.)

And in cabinets were swords with diamond-crusted guards and languets, and lance-proof breast-plates, and gauntlets fashioned of metal scales exquisitely articulated. In an ebony ascham I found the monarch's bows, superb weapons, made of wood and burnished steel, also quivers filled with arrows having osmium points and feathered a full span from the nock. Here, as throughout those courts, were people gazing with expressionless eyes upon vacancy.

In my flittings through wall and ceiling I came upon saloons where sat high dignitaries and military chiefs and men in the vesture of priests, all, as I

presumed, awaiting the pleasure of the king to receive them into his presence.

But O the silence and the stare! The mockery of Death amid that pomp and magnificence! The Souls of the departed moving mournfully up and down the palace! It was too much. I could bear it no longer and turned away from the ghostly mausoleum with emotions I cannot describe.

Resuming my stroll I wended my way down a central thoroughfare flanked on either side with structures massive and grand.

Presently I reached an edifice built of smoothly dressed stone, and turning entered it by way of its ample stair. From the apices of the broad flight corridors led to chambers through whose open doors I glanced as I passed, noting the motionless occupants seated at desks or tables as if absorbed in their various vocations.

In one apartment I observed a man well advanced in years leaning upon a table with a large sheet of vellum spread out before him. The tracings on the smooth surface indicated that when struck with death he was endeavoring to find the quadrature of a curvilinear figure.

Scattered about were parchments bearing delineations of spheres, paraboloids, cones, hyperbolas, coördinates, polygons, hypocycloids, and like dia-

grams, whereof could be judged the savant's scientific bent.

In another room a man of grave aspect and silvery hair sat near a large terrestrial globe. His right hand grasped bronze dividers, his left rested on the arm of his chair. Upon a near-by table were lying an alidade and a mariner's compass. The magnetized bar of the latter pointed due east and west towards the poles of the planet, whose axis therefore is at right angles with that of our earth.

Hence its sun rises in the north and sets in the south, and with superficies approximately the same as the Earth's, it had about the same length of days and nights. Idolicum has no moons, and few and distant are the stars in the celestial fields surrounding its orbit.

At the feet of the occupant of this chamber a dog with a wolf-like muzzle lay coiled as if asleep, and in the embrasure of a window sat a young girl on whose slender wrist was perched a snow-white dove leashed to a shining band encircling her naked arm above the elbow. Her robe was fastened at the throat with an emerald fibula, and her hair was braided with flowers. Piled on shelves about the room were books whose pages displayed characters or letters formed of circles, segments of circles and dots.

Further on I passed into a laboratory where a man reclined with his head bowed upon his arms, which rested on a table or bench that extended the full length of the room.

Scattered here and there were retorts and stills together with a miscellaneous collection of such apparatus as are used in the solution of problems in physico-philosophy. The collection included hydroscopes, densimeters, spectroscopes, ebullioscopes, helioscopes, blowpipes, alembics, crucibles, and similars.

There were here and elsewhere evidences indubitable that this people had reached an advanced stage of civilization and enjoyed liberal acquaintanceship with both pure and applied science. And the prevalence of books and of large libraries all through the metropolis, were convincing proof that the nation was devoted to philomathy.

In another part of the city, on the banks of a frozen river, I found a colossal building filled with immense looms of curious construction. About the great work-room wherein these contrivances were erected I saw many dead operatives, some of whom lay here and there on the floors, others could be seen in a leaning attitude supported by racks and frames of which there was no lack.

The monster machines were of such ingenious

devising that entire garments were woven in them without seam or semblance thereof.

From their trains or assemblages of wheels and shuttles and sleys came, for example, costumes for women which, without what aid soever of semptress or shears or needle, were in faultless guise for wearing.

Gowns were woven slashed or shirred or embroidered, frilled or fringed or flounced, as taste might dictate or fashion decree.

The rarest damasks, silks of superbest web, and fabrics interlaced with thread of silver or gold, as also the plainest cloths, were among the textrine triumphs of these wonderful looms. Complete habits were made with open fronts and when donned were secured from throat to ankle with clasps or catches that were often formed of frosted gold or silver stars and even of costly gems.

And garments for the opposite sex, woven of the lustrous coats of lanated flocks, or of the distaff's coarsest spinnings, were made in manner not dissimilar. It was surprising to find in these machines in process of fabrication, royal regalia gallooned with gold, and court dress richly garnitured and fit for habiting princes and nobles, not to mention smocks and garbadines for the canaille and beggars, and all without indication of seam.

Now, in satisfaction of my curiosity I closely scrutinized such vesture as I found displayed on

the human figures lying about me, and discovered that it fitted as faultlessly as doth the fell of zebra or gazelle.

Also gorgeous vestments for priests were produced, and, as well, mantles or cloaks ready frogged and belted, and knitted wrappage tasteful and delicate with tasseled cords for their securement.

All this quickened my wonder and I could but meditate favorably upon the mechanical subtlety of this extraordinary race, although benighted withal even to their own undoing.

The strange disposition this people made of their dead, is without similarhood in what other world or earth soever.

Embalming or mummification followed life extinction. The bodies were not inhumed but placed in a sitting posture, each upon a cube of stone in a public necropolis. Extreme care was exercised to fasten the rigid forms securely in their places and to envelop them in cerements that were impervious to weather inclemencies, however severe. The outlines of the bodies could be well defined through their shrouds which also covered both head and face. The solemn figures were arranged in close proximity, each to other, and in extended array. The stone cubes bore inscriptions or epitaphs which to me were undecipherable.

One of these weird depositories, high above which I rose the better to view its magnitude, stretched a league away before me. It spread over broad levels diversified by occasional undulations, which my fancy likened to waves of phantoms uplifted from a spectral sea. The sheeted images, sitting in one vast column, rank behind rank, with military precision, and hooded and cloaked in sombre gray, unfolded a spectacle that would disorder the equanimity of a stoic.

Dreadfulest of visualities are the ghostly Bivouacs of the Dead in lifeless Idolicum!*

And O that Human Wreckage! that Flotsam of Death! It covered the royal grounds and choked the palace of the King; it encumbered vessels in harbor, and strewed public streets and parks; it converted into charnel houses both business structures and private abodes; it made towns ghastly on plain and coast and on islands in seas whose ice-thralled tides shall never flux or reflux more.

The evidence was indubitable that the denizens on the side I first visited of the dead planet met their fate in the broad glare of day, while engaged in their varied occupations.

I was moved, therefore, by an eager desire to visit the antipodes where it was nighttide when befell

*Note J. Burying Alive.

the awful doom. Wherefore, thought-winged, I flitted southwardly along the equator and instantly reached my objective.

Here I also found cities situated on rivers and oceans, many of which I paused to look over more or less leisurely, according to their magnitude and importance. One of the greatest thereof (which I adjudged to have been the capitol of an empire) was encircled with high and strong walls, and long did I linger amid its sanctuaries and palaces, and its structures devoted to the requirements of mental or manual endeavor.

In my peregrinity, at a junction of broad thoroughfares in the heart of the city, I chanced upon a Thespian pile which I entered by passing directly through its street wall.

In the immense auditorium I found gathered a large assemblage of people sitting stiff and stark in their seats, while about the stage lay the actors garb-tricked as befitted their several characters.

And as I contemplated the spectacle I could but reflect that the fate of the hundred score of men and women in those rising tiers of galleries together with all the nations of Idolicum, was a greater tragedy than had ever been enacted prior thereto since the Archangel's marshalled hosts hurled Satan and his cohorts over the battlements of Heaven, or the consummation of the awful deed of Calvary.

All through the vast playhouse the candles in the sconces and chandeliers were only partially consumed, while remarkable evidence of the preserving quality of the keen brumal temperature was apparent in the sea of unchanged and unchangeable visages facing the proscenium.

More than dreadful was that grim array, sitting there without motion and with glaring eyes and glassy stare, and dreadful the deep, prevailing silence that brooded over the lifeless host.

I observed other Spirits loitering within and without the great building, some of whom belonged to worlds trillions of miles away.

Revelry and mirth were, seemingly, at high tide in the proud city on that fatal night. I chanced on many scenes of such a nature.

In one quarter I found my way into a mansion's palatial banquet-hall, where a company of knightly men and queenly women reclined upon triclinium-like couches about tables spread with a half-consumed feast. The appointments of these tables were of silver and gold and of a design and finish that would not have disparaged the luxurious entertainments of Lucullus, which gave fame to his magnificent villas both at Tusculum and Neapolis. Amidst the costly vessels and plate were ranged silver girandoles supplied with colored candles of perfumed wax.

The impressive spectacle was fraught with melancholy. Upon a time, in the olden centuries, there issued from a wall a ghostly hand that wrote thereon a king's fate before his blanched face, but it may well be believed there came no hand or voice of warning to the revelers in this pillared hall of feasting. Unheralded, while was heard merry laughter doubtless and sprightly speech, and while eye flashed love to eye, and heart signalled joy to heart, befell the swift smiting, the instant end.

Yet on many of those faces lingered smiles, as if the scene were a phantasmagoria to be regarded only with merriment.

Not a few of the residents of the city were lying in unconscious slumber during the death plunge of the planet, whereof I found verification in the numbers I saw incumbent on bed or couch as I darted from abode to abode.

And often I happened upon roysterers grinning over their cups; lovers tete-a-tete; parents by the bedside of their sick offspring; athenaeums filled with teachers and students; ateliers where artisans lay rigid beside the appliances of their handicraft, and thus on to watchers about the dead, and murderers stalking their victims.

All were pulseless, staring, still.

In ranging hither and yon I was of inclination

to enter a large abode located in a wide-spreading grove outside but within bowshot of the walls of the metropolis.

Therein was revealed a highly tragical scene.

In an upper chamber adorned with elegant furnishings, I descried three figures. One was that of a man lying at full length upon the floor with a ghastly wound in his breast. From an open window stout cords depended which seemed to indicate the means whereby he had gained access to the room.

In a farther corner on a bed crouched a young woman with hands uplifted as if entreating mercy of a personage far older than she, who bent toward her with one knee on the rail and one hand grasping a post for support. The other hand held aloft a dagger as if to strike the shrinking creature before him. But the awful change interposed, the raised arm turned instantly rigid and quickly the life of the would-be slayer and that of the beautiful woman were extinguished forever.

I conjectured that her folly proved a commission of death to the cicisbeo lying on the floor.

The stars constituted the gods of this nation also. On that Night of Judgment multitudes were gathered in the stately temples of the city to pay religious honors to their divinities.

I entered one majestic fane wherein was con-

gregated an immense assemblage of both sexes, including many youths and even little children in arms.

About the altars were priests in gorgeous vestments of blue and miniver shotted with gems, the blue and gems typifying the skies and the stars. The sacerdotal figures were full bearded, and their long hair flowed down over their shoulders to the waist. One thereof, evidently of exalted rank, wore a rich baldric or sash sprinkled with sapphires, and on his left breast were large diamond solitaires that flashed rainbow-colored fires from their facets and bizets. The brows of all were encircled with fillets braided of golden leaves.

The rites of idolatry lack the solemn impressiveness that attaches to Christian devotion. Passionless, automatic formality is the sole life-ichor of pagan worship.

But worship of the Almighty God is true Soul exaltation, because of the living sympathy between the Creator and the Creature.

Infused with pomp and glittering show, the appeal of one belief is to the grosser senses, of the other to all that is noble and divine in the deathless Spirit.

Albeit, the religious ceremonials of this people were not devoid of dramatic pageantry. At such times as the great auditoriums of their temples sparkled above, below, everywhere, with burnished

stars, and the severies of the vaulted ceilings were hung with blazing lamps and hundreds of lustres shone along the walls, and silver cressets fed with gums and spices flamed about the altars gorgeous with costly and elaborate decorations, and swinging censers poured out their incense upon the air, and priests in resplendent robes moved about in the performance of their mystic rites, the scene must have been highly spectacular and its glamour well designed to excite in benighted votaries feelings of awe and superstitious wonder.

But such a ritual and such a worship, I reiterate, with their ostentation and display, no matter how earnestly reverenced, lack that impressive solemnity and edification, that inspiration and unction of spirit, so inseparable from the adoration of the true God.

In my swervings and strayings I visited many places of interest, including amphitheatres devoted to sports and racing; marble palestras and public baths of amazing extent; splendid chambers where justice was administered, and prisons in which haggard wretches lay dead on pallets of straw.

Nor did the abodes of opulence or the retreats of penury escape my scrutiny. Besides I sought out such nooks and secluded places as I hoped might yield up some peculiarity or quaint custom having to do with the daily life of these civilized but singular pagans.

I even descended into subterranean storage depositories underlying lofty structures near the quays where I found prodigious stores of merchantry, such as I had never before chanced upon in my flittings through the Universe.

In one of these almost interminable burrowings I encountered ghastly proof of the overweening lust for gold of one type of human nature, be it of what earth soever.

Beneath a long stone superstructure, in a small cell built of solid masonry and the iron door of which was shut and barred within, sat a spare figure at a table heaped with yellow ingots and minted coin. By his side on the floor were bags of treasure, and still others were piled away in the dark angles of that stifling tomb.

At his elbow were an earthen quegh, and further aside a small flagon which, as seemed probable, served as a receptacle for oil to replenish a battered metal lamp that stood conveniently near.

The hands of this pitiful object were buried in the yellow hoard, as if to clutch and bear it away with him into the eternal world.

The starved and cadaverous look, the sunken eye, the unshorn face and thin white hair, the shriveled skin, the agony of expression, the tattered attire, all told in dire detail the story of this sordid tellurian and of his wretched caste as well.

I remained in this vault awhile hoping to see the Soul of the dead miser should it chance to appear, but it came not during my tarrying.

Both sexes of this nation wore small amulets which depended from a loop of cord or tiny chain passed over and behind the helix and fossa of the ear and swung half a thumb's breadth below the lobule.

These talismen were pyriform in shape and bore mystic characters. They seemed composed of a species of chrysoprase, except they were red as pyrope and of remarkable density. By test in the laboratory of a lapidary I found the substance of this showing: Atomic weight, 200.10; specific gravity, 23.535. So heavy a mineral is unknown to my home earth. This potence against evil hung from the right ear of men, from the left of women.

But I had seen enough (a thousand times more than is here recorded) and turning from the city sped across a frozen sea, leagues upon leagues away, to another shore.

Thence I darted away over valley and mountain range and came presently to a weald, or, rather, a strath, whereon (as there was ocular evidence) two armies were grappling in shock of battle when the all-involving doom suddenly ended the conflict.

Upon the field were lying manifold numbers of

combatants transfixed with lance, or pierced with arrow, or laid low with battle-axe or sword. Besides the hecatombs bearing marks of weapons, multitudes fell by that visitation of judgment, without observable hurt or scathe, or any manner of violence of which sign was apparent.

Female as well as male warriors strewed the earth, for in that country, as was manifest, the sexes fought side by side on the battlefield.

Another singularity and repulsive withal, was the number of wolf-like animals, similar in appearance to the savage thylacine, that lay lifeless all about among the once contending legions. The fierce brutes could be seen hanging to human throats even in death, or with their fangs locked in the limbs of their prostrate foes. The carnage on that field had been fearful.

Alas, long shall the blue heavens thereaway look down upon that manifestation of human rage and Divine displeasure.

All over the dead planet I saw Disembodied Souls of its perished nations haunting the scenes familiar to their finite life. Moreover, I observed Souls from other systems continually coming and going, attracted by the wonders of the outlawed sphere.

* * * *

O Idolicum! Idolicum! Thou Abomination of

THE DEAD PLANET IDOLICUM.

Desolation! Not in all thine icy bosom are heard human voices more, nor the antiphonies of birds, nor the duos of wind and sea! Silence mournfully trails her pinions in thy cities and through thy waste places, or broods with bowed head upon thy dismal mountains! Unclean and forsaken art thou, O lonely leper of the pitying skies!

CHAPTER XVI.

POSTULATES.

Sordid Natures—A Salutary Interdict—Wealth Worship—Seeking to Bribe God—Syllabus of God—Dual Action of Thought Impossible—General Wisdom of All Earths Evolved Along Same General Lines—Death Sensitizes Memory—Falsehood Among Chiefest Sins—When Truth Itself is Falsehood—Why the Soul Seems to Age in Advanced Life.

Deplorable is the covetousness of sordid natures. But for interdict that effectually bars, there are Egos innumerable who would bring with them into this Second Estate from the mundane sphere, temporalities of which they are only custodians, but of which they presumptuously assume ownership.

Hereaway metal money or other, consols and scrip, lands and tenements, are no more accounted than the worthless scoria of the volcano, or leaves undertrodden of foot of beast.

Consider:

Should Avarice find means and take advantage thereof to freight hitherward such store of lucre as would suffice for the needs of a thousand empires,

what possible benefit could accrue therefrom to the economy or economies of the Higher Life?

Fortune-building and trade-craft have no more abiding in the Spirit Kingdom than marriage or giving in marriage, or Death and his scythe.

And the inference is not amiss that such devisings for Earth as healthful industry and its attendant calculations and responsibilities, have been divinely appointed to the end that the childly natures of mortals while tarrying thereon might not sink into abject enervation if not hopeless inanity.

As set forth already, childhood must, perforce, have its frolics and play, then with a little more age one or other pursuit takes the place of butterfly-chasing and like frivolities, to the forestalling of mental stagnation and physical or bodily wants.

This, be mindful, was intended as the right hand of healthhood and well balanced life, but to pervert or degrade the merciful provision into a mania for accumulating riches in needless profusion and foolish, is to commit sin, since the time could be far better employed.

Consider further:

That after wrestling and struggling and much self-denial and pinching, not to mention brother-robbing and neighbor-robbing, there comes to the wealth-mad man a surplus of gaud metal—an over-

sufficiency for the buying of victual and habiliment and like necessitations.

This surplus, peradventure, may be, and often is, abnormally large, but whether large or small if it has been accumulated by rapacity* and through an idolatrous regard for riches, to which every effort and the noblest attributes of the Soul were subordinated and debased, then is there guilt of wealth worship, a counterpart of graven image worship, and it is so held of God.

Dost thou say that idolaters of this ilk can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? Then dost thou do despite to the proverb divinely uttered, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

The adoration due the Creator from His creatures He will not share with any object, no, not one jot, since all objects are of His handiwork and in subordination to Him.

Idolatry is abhorrent to God.

Now and then it comes about that he who gathers much worldly substance and on whom rests anathemas pronounced by the Divine Galilean is moved to say:

"I will give whereof I have gathered with so

*As the partridge sittith on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.—*Jeremiah* 17:11.

much toil and pains and eye single to my heart's fond longings, in behoof of such furtherance of good works as shall placate God, or at least molify His feelings toward me for indifference and neglect of His just behests withal."

Fool. that thou hast is His already, and wouldst thou seek to bribe or buy the Holy Being with His own wherewith, to the end that He may forgive thee the debt of meanness and selfishness thou hast incurred by laboring for riches and worshiping riches, rather than laboring for Him and worshiping Him? Philanthropic begrudgments will not atone nor avail thee for robbing God and thy fellow of their own. But perhaps thou hast made pretence of adoration betimes out of thy false heart. Then wert thou all the more hypocrite and sounding brass and tinkling cymbal and deserving of still greater condemnation. The fruits of thy life show that thou didst bow down to a Baal hoofed and horned of gold. Thou art base and selfish and hast made of God's ordering a mockery. Then go, thou sluggard in His vineyard, and as another was commanded before thee, sell all that thou hast and distribute thereof to the poor and in sackcloth and ashes repent of thine ingratitude and prostration before false gods!"

In the True Life Avarice is looked upon as one of the vulgarities of the First Estate, alike degrading

to the noblest impulses of human nature and to the divinity in man.

An Immortal Being (bearing the loftiest Spiritual Image) harnessed to this thrall, is a pitiful object, inwrapt as he is of selfishness, and out of touch with the graces that beautify the Soul forever.

What conatus, it may well be asked, imparts to the heart of mortal such an overweening desire for grasp of a temporality which Death will soon loosen and that forever?

Man is only a steward in the Vestibule of Time. He is never proprietor of aught he finds therein and presumes to pick up and carry into the little booth assigned him as a transient lodging-place.

He entered that Vestibule empty-handed, and he shall go out empty-handed. Vaunteth he of his riches? He shall die on the morrow!

The ownership of whatever is, inheres in God by right of creation and original possession.

Nay, man the boaster, is a borrower of the very air he breathes and of the bread that feeds the flame he calls his life.

The Syllabus of God for the Second Estate is, namely:

(a) All-engrossing Love for the Infinite Father;
(b) Sanctity of Thought and Intent;
(c) Perfect Purity;

(d) Diligence in the Philosophic Investigation of God's Statutes and Wonderful Works.

The All-wise would have Disembodied Souls inquire studiously into His methods and the occult appertainings and drift of His immutable laws.

Slower than the ages comes purification to unnumbered multitudes of Immortals.

Some there are in the infra-spiritual life whose jejune Souls possess no yearning for the Divine favor and, by consequence, are indifferent to crowns of amaranth and gold; and, as well, there are foolish marplots who, in their conceit, frustrate the Divine purposes in which they have concernment; and there are still others who brood in tenebrious solitude, burdened by the weight of their clinging sins. Not only do they see no light, no dawn, no lodestar, in all their range of vision, but exercise naught of effort to ascend into the effulgence, holy and life-giving, that is to be found just a little way above the cypress gloom wherein they blindly grope.

Albeit hosts other and far greater are inwardly moved to emancipate and elevate their fallen natures through the Vicarious Sacrifice of Calvary and their own deep humility and penitence.

Such, it befalls, profoundly venerate the wisdom and power of the Ubiquitous Being, while the tenderness and fatherly care He manifests for them and

all His creatures, evoke their most reverent gratitude and adoration. Filled with holy ecstacy they long to quaff the Waters of Life from the Sangraal of the Annointed, and take on blamelessness of spirit in order that they may become princes in the Third Estate and be made partakers of the Ineffable Felicities.

Thought is incapable of dual action, *id est*, of considering twofold conceptions simultaneously.

Only one object at a time is within the scope of the intellectual sight. Therefore, this vehicle of the Soul (Thought) can never in its firmamental reach decide upon and gain and occupy two objective points at one and the same time. Hence when it thrids space no confusion ensues as to its understood destination, whether it be a few furlongs aside only, or afar in the brilliantly lighted lair of the Northern Bear, or untold leagues beyond Lyra's congeries of stars where shining nebulae form the silvery shores of sapphire seas.

Wisdom and intelligence on all earths are evolved along the same general lines.

Principles nowhere differentiate, and as already declared, the emotions of the Souls of humanity, be they never so widely separated in their planetary habitats, are not unlike in their nature and expression.

As we have seen, the range of the incarnate

Spirit is necessarily circumscribed, but once uncarnated there is no limit to its sweep. And sometimes while traversing Eternity's awful frontiers and bottomless gulfs, it meets angelic hosts from the Third Estate out on similar explorations. And wherever such bands from the Empyrean direct their way, their radiance lights up the savage pinnacles and mountains and gorges over which they pass, while the silvery reverberations of their trumpets gladden awakened Infinity.

Souls not unfrequently for their enjoyment choose points of vantage outside the orbits of planets, and watch the huge bodies as they go spinning swiftly along their ellipses. The overpowering spectacle, which transcends in grandeur all flights of imagination or power of language to depict, ever awakens the deepest awe.

Or it may be the temper of the Immortal Spirit to enter the flying chariots of comets, whose long white plumes stream across fields of azure to the glorification of Immensity, and ride from system to system, viewing millions of orbs corruscating in indescribable magnificence throughout the incurvated skies.

The resplendent configurations, flaming, blazing, sparkling, in all the opulence of stellar glory, reveal to a partial extent at least, the mighty scale on which the works of Divinity are constructed, and at the

same time stir the Soul to gratitude as it contemplates that Goodness which made it an actual part of such stupendous consummations.

Senility is never an inherency of man's immortal Entity. Ageing to the phasis of forgetfulness, a common manifestation of advanced life, is not due to any deterioration of the Immortal Spark itself, but solely to impairment of the thalami or the cerebrum and cerebellum, the seat of the Soul, by long years of use.

When worn out, or nearly worn out, these organs can respond but indifferently to the touch of the Immortal Spark.

Such condition is analagous to the eye looking at an object through the longitudinal aberration of a plano-convex lens. The object will appear distorted or shattered, a fault not of the eye but of the medium through which the eye directs its gaze.

Happily, in old age the years speed swiftly by and the Soul soon sloughs off its decaying and defective hamperings, whereupon it is enabled to assert, without hindrance, its God-like attributes of thought and movement.*

As may well be believed, in the Second Estate there is little of supineness, of inaction, of folding the

*Note K. The Future Life. Sentiments of Great Men.

hands to sleep. As a rule intellectual growth and the acquirement of knowledge, fundamental and advanced, are ever going forward.

Inquiry into the arcana of the Creative Power is pursued assiduously. With well disposed Spirits all is development, investigation, progression. And there is much sober meditation in solitude upon the ethics of the Holy Life, which tends toward perfection in God.

As remarked elsewhere, intercommunicable amenities obtain and constitute one of the leading sources of enjoyment in the Higher Existence.

As the minds of Egos are keen and marvelously receptive they are enabled to describe the scenery, climatology, the habits and usages of the peoples, and the stellar environments of the worlds they visit during their peregrinations abroad.

And while they have no hesitancy in jaunting away singly with the Almighty Guide as their sole companion, they usually go in bands or companies and sometimes in numbers equalling an army for multitude.

Social association is valued in the True Life far more highly than in the earthly life, and there is no more inharmony in spirit socialities than there is friction in astrophysical machinery.

Communings are without indecorous tinge or

color of irascibility. For the most part Souls are ever on their good behavior.

Falsehood is the marrow of sin and finds expression in deeds as well as in words. Whoso lives beyond the income of his estate and strives to deceive the world into the belief that his revenues justify such unwisdom, promotes a falsity.

Nay, Truth can be so travestied as to become itself Falsehood. Says one to his neighbor: "Rumor hath it, brother, that thou art soon to wed thyself to a wife, and in sooth hast thou thus happily resolved, if so bold a question from a well-wisher be pardonable?"

As in ridicule comes the response: "Ha! ha! O yes, most assuredly, my worthy friend, and right away, I grant thee. Wed! Ha! ha! why certainly. Well, well, I am edified!" and this with the nuptials but twain morrows remote. As the affirmation was toned and uttered in a manner intended to deceive, it was in essence a falsehood.

And the cant of the hypocrite and the deceptive utterances of the false hearted, are dissimulation and dissimulation is falsehood.

No falsehood, not even the type that does no one despite, is harmless. Aught of such lowers the moral tone of whoever thus offends, and invariably leads up to greater like transgressions.

Such lapses cannot be hidden from the notice of Immortals any more than from the knowledge of God, and Souls with this blemish upon them (and the same holds good of all sin,) present a sorry figure in the transmundane life.

There, self-indictment is a sure sequence, and Remorse makes sorrowful the tainted Soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINAL THOUGHTS.

All Mankind the Same of Age—A Soul's Evolvement Described—Adam Not the Elder of Any Other Human Soul.

The difference in age of human units is only apparent not real. In duration of existence each and all have the same counting, irrespective of era or time of birth.

For the entire complement of mankind to appear contemporaneously God saw was an impracticability, He therefore distributed their advent as individuals and generations through successive periods of time.

But this does not affect the consonance of the proposition that all are of equal age, calculating the elemental and the earthly existence and the duration of being in the Spiritual Life.

It cannot be controverted that the infant which took up the temporal life but yesterday, was elementally existent while all and singular of those who preceded it down through Time's centuries from the dawn of the first day, were putting on and off the incarnate investiture. Nor will it be disputed that

approaching generations are similarly existent at the present moment and are approaching the hour when they also shall emerge from the inert into the active form of being.

By consequence, all had the same period of beginning, or of no beginning, and of necessity must carry the same age.

Had there been incarnated generations ten thousand years ago or ten millions, we of today would equal such in entirety of existence in some form. The difference rests in the fact that they lived their allotted span then, we live ours now.

Moreover, while present generations were not incarnated as soon as anterior generations, they were elementally existent, as just remarked, and in time stepped forth animate by virtue of God breathing the Divine Spark into them.

In aid of a better understanding of this problem I will subject my own life's evolvement to analysis from its primality to its incarnation and discarnation.

In years more remote than is expressed by a unit with any number of cyphers attached, I WAS.

Primordial matter held me in its embrace.

That part of Chaos which contained the mighty quarries in which I lay and in which undeveloped

worlds reposed pregnant with dormant life, had never been pierced with ray of sun or star, neither had any sound ever broken the silence of the awful solitudes.

But a momentous hour came. The Increate Being acted and the world mass began to vibrate; it moved laboriously with a heavy grinding sound, then slowly lifted and swung away in the impenetrable darkness.

Hardly perceptible was its initial impulse, but slowly it responded to the influence that attracted it and assumed more celerity, a gradual acceleration of momentum, a faster and still faster motion, until the enormous body attained so incalculable a velocity that the tenuous ether through which it shot, hissed and roared like serf-thunderings on a rock-bound coast.

After millions of miles traversed in the Tartarean gloom the immeasurable body swept into a zone of diaphanous shadow or perceptible twilight which brightened into a dawn, at first pale and indistinct, then beamy and anon more radiant as the monstrous mass drove swiftly on.

Presently a solar effulgence was entered that became by degrees of dazzling intensity.

Like an enormous phantom the huge primigenial mass sped forward over leagues incalculable, until at last it approached the seat of the energy or power

that lifted it from its eternal bed and governed its flight—a vast globe of fire—into the seething bosom of which it plunged with appalling force.

The vehement heat, penetrating and altogether irresistible, rived from the newly-immersed body cohering matter of Alps-like dimensions with loud detonations, and these great masses again exploding and re-exploding, soon sank beneath the hissing, heaving waves.

The ultimate result of the disintegration was the melting and incorporation of the fragments with the fused elements of that furnace-like expanse.

And now an incandescent ocean held me.

Ages and aeons passed by, millions upon millions of years rolled on and lo, the molten spheres early thrown off from that fiery globe by its axial whirl, slowly, imperceptibly, cooled and condensed and became solid earths.

And these earths were diversified with mountain ranges and verdurous hills, and plains beautiful in their rich and varied colorings.

And upon their bosoms rose forests with enameled leafage, and orchards bearing nectarous fruits; and thereon broad and stately streams rolled away to billowy seas whose psalms of praise of the Infinite swelled forth and filled a thousand welkins with rejoicing.

And out of pearly breakers and foam great

archipelagoes were lifted that exulted in their beauty, and everywhere lordly cities appeared, and manifold glebe-holdings hither and yon bespoke the presence of dwellers all over these splendid earths, warmed and gladdened by their parent sun.

And the abiders thereon played and plod, and sang and slaved, and laughed and languished, until their little day had end, then they pilgrimed on to a greater country and a better.

And I, having bided my time in dormancy, also appeared in one of these planetary antechambers (of fair furniture withal, as just confessed). And thence, at inevitable beckoning, the probationary requirement satisfied, I fared away into the Deathless Life.*

In this sphere my upbuilding in true knowledge began, and the divinity within me here finds ample scope and opportunity for growth in Wisdom and Perfection.

Such were the origin and development of my existence. Nor have human kind, wheresoever

*One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.
—*William Winters.*

their world, undergone a different phasis of evolvement in attaining Individualism—Life.

Hence I again aver that in the matter of age all men are equal. They came and continue to come, vestured in elements that existed octillions of years before God dowered them with His own likeness and with spirit immortality; nay, octillions of ages before was writ title page of any annal, whether human, geologic or astral.

Then tell me not that Adam is more ancient than I.

He lay in the depths when I lay in the depths, and although he came to the earth-life sooner than I, at the time he assumed the fleshly nature I was on the way.

He appeared and passed and still lives. I appeared and passed and still live.

Our ages are the same, counting from the period when both reposed in the bosom of Chaos.

Neither the first man nor patriarch nor ancient, is more venerable on account of his number of years, than am I, or thou, O reader, or any, whether released or unreleased of the flesh.

Each human being's existence spans all Time, all Eternity, past, present and to come!

NOTES.

NOTE A, p. 20.—FACIAL DIFFERENTIATION.

What is there of a physical nature in all the divine economy that awakens deeper surprise in the reflective mind than the difference in expression of the human face?

The average physiognomy of mankind measures from top of forehead to point of chin, seven to seven and one-half inches; between extreme outer curve of jaws, ten to ten and one-half inches; from ear to ear round the lower chin, ten and one-half to eleven inches. Within the limited scope of these measurements is formed the human face, which is never alike in two subjects. Consanguinous resemblances may be expected, but even within the pale of relationship the rigid law holds good.

Twins occasionally appear with facial synonyms, but such instances are too rare to affect the general rule or law.* Of

*In the early '40's there was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Bennett of "Milnor Hall," Gambier, Knox County, Ohio, twin sons who were undistinguishable one from the other, either in form or feature. So perfect was their similarity that after parturition neither the medical attendant nor the midwife could tell which was born first. Not long afterwards the family removed to Oskaloosa, Iowa, where the two boys grew up to young manhood. The parents maintained that they could distinguish their sons' separate personalities, but others were unable to do so.

These human duplicates, handsome, vivacious and gifted, became favorites in society, and being of humorous temperaments withal, out of pure mischief would call upon each other's sweethearts and draw from them, unsuspectingly little love confidences and sentiments more or less tender, that were by no means intended for the ear to which they were confided.

And when the war of the rebellion broke out one of the brothers enlisted and went to the front. Betimes a longing came over him to visit his home, whereupon his brother accommodatingly repaired to the field where he was doing duty, the civilian suit was exchanged for the uniform of blue, and the soldier, undetected, left for the North. The brother-substitute got along very well in the ranks, although little versed in the manual of arms. It may not be amiss to say that he is reported to have participated in two or three hot skirmishes with no mishap save a bullet through his uniform. Finally his counterpart returned to duty, and no one was the wiser for the artifice.

the sixteen hundred millions of human beings that people the earth today, all differ, one from another, in physiognomy.

And were the almost incomputable hosts of gone-by eras rehabilitated in flesh and marshalled before the living world, the vast ocean of faces would be found, all and singular, dissimilar and never alike in any two individuals.

In considering such differences effected on so extremely limited a surface, together with the remarkable truth that the wonder goes on multiplying today, tomorrow, forever, the mind is stupefied with amazement.

And yet the phenomenon is only half explained. The two sides of the human face bear, respectively, a different look but not to so pronounced a degree.

God devised this immutable rule in order that identities might be distinct and unerring. Without such diversification one man could not be distinguished from another, any more than there could be distinguishment by name if all were called by one common appelative as, for example, "John Smith."

As the individual facial expression, as a whole, is of itself always sufficient for identification, it may be asked, why the double expression that marks each visage? Now, such expression arises from a variation on either side, of angle of the eyes, curve of eyebrows, forehead formation, peculiarities of nasal development, shape of mouth and lips, outline of cheek, etc. By these duple diversities the expression becomes more idealistic, more varied, and therefore more engaging and interesting. A face with either half moulded in exact uniformity would be tame and insipid to a degree that inner soul-reflection could not mitigate.

Of all God's marvelous devisings there is nothing more wonderful of a physical nature than the ever changed and changing human face.

NOTES.

NOTE B. p. 23.—AGE OF THE EARTH.

Some of the highest authorities, in the light of the best geological evidence, place the total number of years that have elapsed since men appeared upon the earth at 288,000. Of this number 78,000 belong to the pre-glacial epoch; 100,000 to the glacial; 44,000 to the interval between the glacial epoch and the protohistoric and neolithic; 10,000 years to the time that has elapsed since the beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

As the student of natural philosophy well knows, hardly any two scientists agree as to the age of the earth—that is, as to the length of time that has elapsed since the crust of this planet became solid.

Considering the very slow rate at which rocks are deposited by water, and the immense thickness of the beds of these so-called stratified rocks, it seems that at least one billion of years have passed, according to the opinions of some savants, since the globe evolved in its present shape out of the whirling mass of incandescent matter of which it was once constituted.

But the opinion of Lord Kelvin, a man of profound philosophical acquirements, will not be passed lightly by. Arguing from the known rate of loss of heat, he recorded the opinion that no more than 100,000,000 of years is the limit of time which has passed by since firm rocks appeared and life began upon the earth.

More recently Prof. Tait has expressed the belief that a tenth of Lord Kelvin's estimate may be nearer the truth. However, distinguished geologists declare that Prof. Tait's estimate is too low.

NOTE C, p. 24.—STRANGE CASE.

In the autumn of 1907, the wife of a Milwaukee millionaire was taken into custody in Chicago, who confessed to the officers that she was a burglar and a thief. At the time her name ap-

peared in the daily journals far and near, but to reproduce it in these pages would profit nothing. The only aim is to cite her case in proof that human beings are, even in this age, possessed of evil spirits.

The New York Daily World of October 14, 1907, published the following telegraphic dispatch:

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Mrs.———, wife of a Milwaukee millionaire, who confessed she was a burglar, is "possessed of devils," according to Dr. Axel Gustafson, who attended her, and Dr. Sheldon Leavitt. They say so in all seriousness. Dr. Leavitt is a well known practitioner and connected with numerous medical societies and Chicago hospitals. Both physicians do not hestitate to express the belief that the woman is under the influence of "disembodied spirits."

"This woman when herself was all a woman should be," said Dr. Gustafson. "When another spirit overpowered her personality she was what the police declare her to be."

Dr. Leavitt, whom Dr. Gustafson consulted, said in his letter of reply, "I have found enough to justify your belief and mine that it is another case of obsession, as it is commonly called —'possession,' as I am inclined to call it. By the orthodox medical specialist I suppose it would be regarded as a case of dementia. The term obsession as used by the latter, signifies a mere delusion, no evil spirit being recognized by him as actually existing. But to certain of us who have returned to the more archaic diagnosis, it is supposed to mean what the term 'possession' better expresses. I really believe that modern scientific psychical research has gone far enough to justify the assumption of such a state in many cases heretofore classed under various heads, but more particularly under that of dementia.

"I don't know what was the matter with me. The devil was in me," says the woman. "You can do nothing for me. No one can. There's something bad in me I cannot control."

"Even medical men who believe most implicitly in a future

existence are not willing to admit the possibility of a disembodied spirit taking possession of the body of another. Christian people are put into the anomalous position of believing most emphatically in the 'Divinity' of Jesus Christ, and yet confess that His conception of the alleged demon-possessed people whom he cured and with whose evil spirits He was said to converse, was utterly wrong.

"I formerly trained in the same company and believed in the orthodox medical translation of symptoms like those manifested by this poor Mrs.———, but have come to take a different view. In doing so I have not departed from a rational line of reasoning.

"The accused is amenable to psychic treatment. She ought not to be punished, but ought to be placed under the care of a good psychotherapeutist for cure."

The Kalamazoo (Michigan) Daily Telegraph of October 14, 1907, contains the following "special" bearing upon this case:

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—A society queen and sneak thief, a beauty and a burglar, a wife who sat down at wine suppers near the wantons of the underworld; equally at home in the parlor and the pawnshop; on equal footing with the grand dames of the drawingroom and the negro Fagan who acted as her companion and fence; with a millionaire husband and a malignant weakness; a female Raffles, a Jekyl and Hyde in skirts; a leader of fashion in Milwaukee, and a prowling, spying, dishonest, pretended servant girl in Chicago—such is the confession of Mrs.———, wife of a wealthy trunk manufacturer of Milwaukee.

She was wineing and dining here when arrested. It seems the diamonds that flashed on her person were recognized by the lady from whom they had been stolen.

But the society woman had another side, and the sneak thief had not lost all her womanhood, for when the hour of shame came, the spirit of motherhood began to assert itself.

"I do not care for myself," she moaned, "but my heart bleeds for my baby, my little Evelyn. Why have they taken her away from me? I need her now to help me to be good."

The husband is a millionaire. The wife had $50.00 a week to spend. She might have had more. She says she does not know why she stole. She had everything she desired. Her husband was kind to her. But she was possessed by some mysterious, inexplicable obsession.

In her confession she said:

"It seemed to me that there was no joy left for me in life unless I had the continual excitement of theft. In order to satisfy my passion I resolved to become a servant. There was nothing repugnant in the idea. I knew servants had the best opportunities to steal. Scanning the newspapers I noticed a trained nurse was wanted at the home of David Pfaelzer, 4514 Forestville Avenue, in Chicago, and calling I secured the position. I remained there a couple of days and stole a bracelet, a diamond ring, and a silver card case that I pawned for $4.00. The bracelet was set with fourteen diamonds.

"A few days afterwards, I went to the house of Charles Beck, No. 5540 South Park Avenue, and entered it without being seen. I found in Mrs. Beck's room an alligator bag and a small, oxydized jewel case. I carried both away. They contained three diamond rings, a diamond bracelet and a gold watch. It was Mrs. Beck who recognized her jewelry.

"From other houses I stole more watches, more money, more diamonds. It was so easy to steal and then it was attended by a thrill, an exhilaration, an excitement, that fascinated me. I do not know what unseen power got me in its grasp," she moaned, "but I could not resist it."

The husband of the "possessed" woman on learning the facts applied for a divorce, but subsequently withdrew his suit and took his erring wife back to his home and his heart, believing she was not responsible for her crimes. In view of all the facts, her thefts were condoned and she escaped a prison life.

NOTES.

NOTE D. p. 31.—THE SPIRIT MONK OF AMALFI; A DAUGHTER FOREWARNED OF HER DEATH BY HER MOTHER'S SPIRIT; NELSON'S PREMONITIONS; SUPERNATURAL FORESIGHT OF SWEDENBORG; NAPOLEON; WASHINGTON.

The New York Daily Herald of Sunday, September 29, 1907, contains a letter from Gina D'Oria, whose life, she writes, was saved by the warning of a Spirit. The recital sets forth that the writer and her aunt while traveling in Italy, stopped for a week at the seaport of Amalfi, on the Gulf of Salerno.

Their hotel was aforetime a convent or monastery, and one evening after a short promenade on the terrace they retired for the night. Their rooms communicated by a small narrow hall. The writer declares that after she "had departed for the land of dreams," she was awakened by a cold sensation, as if a chilly wind was blowing in the room. Forthwith she sat up in bed to ascertain the cause, when her blood curdled at beholding near the foot-rail the shadowy form of a tall Monk. The Spirit faced her and with deliberation beckoned to her with his long slender hand. Terrified she sprang out upon the floor and lit her candle, but the vision had disappeared and reassured she extinguished her light and returned to her bed.

However, no sooner had she regained her pillow than the Spirit again appeared and with what she interpreted as a mournful shake of the head, three times beckoned to her as if for her to leave the place. Springing from her couch, the thoroughly frightened girl flew to her aunt's room, and so persistent were her importunities that they left next morning for Naples.

Two or three days thereafter she learned from the public journals that a landslide at Amalfi had carried down into the sea a part of the public house they had chosen for their quarters, and the very part containing the apartments they occupied.

It should not be overlooked that the Spirit of the Monk

foresaw this catastrophe else he could not have given the warning.

Disembodied Souls are as familiar with events to come as with those of gone-by years.

* * * * *

In one of the popular encyclopedias* appears an account of an apparition which even skeptics must acknowledge is well authenticated. The particulars were penned by the Bishop of Gloucester from the statement given him by the father of the young lady who is the central figure in the event described.

Thus wrote the Bishop:

"Sir Charles Lee, by his first wife, had only one daughter, of which his lady died in childbirth, and when she was dead her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner.

"Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid said she left none but what she brought with her at the time. Then she said it was the fire; but that, her maid told her, was quite out; and she said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes and when she was dressed went into her closet and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter, sealed, to her father; brought it to her aunt,

*Chambers, under "Apparitions."

the Lady Everard, told her what had happened and desired that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him. The Lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding, the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended she took her guitar and psalm-book and sat down upon a chair without arms and played and sung so melodiously and admirably that her music teacher who was there, admired it. And near the stroke of twelve she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and the surgeon. She died at Waltham in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire, but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter that he came not till she was buried; but when he came he caused her to be taken up and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter."

Continues the paper in the Encyclopedia:

"Dr. Hibbert, in treating of this case, concludes that the young lady was consumptive and about to die, and in this diseased frame of body became the subject of an illusion. But these are assumptions directly contrary to what the record bears, and there is, after all, the singular circumstance to be accounted for, that the young lady's death occurred exactly at the time predicted.

"To a similar purport is the case of the wife of Dr. Donne, related by Isaac Walton. Donne left his wife pregnant in London and went with Sir Robert Drury to Paris. Two days after

arriving there he stated to Drury that he had a vision of his wife walking through his room with her hair hanging over her shoulders and a dead child in her arms. So impressed were they by the incident that they immediately sent a messenger to London to inquire regarding Mrs. Donne's health. The intelligence brought by the man was, that she had been brought to bed of a dead child at the hour her husband thought he had seen her in Paris. In this case, too, if the requisite disordered state of Dr. Donne be granted, the coincidence of the distant event in its particulars and in point of time, would remain unaccounted for by Dr. Hibbert's theory. That there is an abundance of such cases will not be disputed."

* * * * * * * * * *

As we have seen, spirits by means of Phrenism (thought force,) or odyllic power, make manifest to the human understanding impending events having to do with individual welfare.

Nelson had forewarning of his death at Trafalgar. Influenced by the premonitions imparted by Disembodied Souls he prophesied before leaving England that his end was not far off. He even called at the place where the splendid coffin given him by Captain Hallowell was deposited (made from the mainmast of the *Orient* after the battle of the Nile) and ordered that certain memorable events in his career should be engraven on the lid. His reason for this was, that he might soon need the receptacle for his remains. The entries in his private journal prove that he parted from those he loved in London, as from friends on whose faces he would never look more.

He left England September 14, 1805, and his great fight and victory took place on October 21st following. On that day, just before going into battle, he wrote in his diary an appeal to his king and country in favor of Lady Hamilton, to whom he was tenderly attached, begging that in case of his death ample provision might be made to enable her to maintain her rank in life. He left her, as he expressed it, "as a legacy to his King."

He also wrote: "I leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson." This diary was in the nature of a will and was witnessed. To Captain Blackwood, when that officer took leave of him on the quarter deck of the *Victory*, he said: "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you more." Beside this and much other evidence that he felt that he was nearing his end, the great Admiral entered the conflict with a reserve and solemnity of manner foreign to his nature. At the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen he manifested much exhilaration, but now he was calm and grave to solemnity, and as has been said, seemed "to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory." When the ball from a French rifle tore through the epaulette on his left shoulder and pierced to the spinal column, he said, "They have done for me at last!" The surgeons pronounced his hurt fatal, and three and one-quarter hours later the expected death came.

* * * * * * * * * *

Swedenborg was of such sensitive Soul-illumination that he held mental touch with the dwellers in the Second Estate for thirty years before his death. When *en rapport* with Disembodied Intelligences he was made conscious of contemporaneous happenings, whether near at hand or long distances away. One remarkable illustration of this nature is mentioned by Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer. He tells us that Swedenborg on his return from England, July 19, 1759, landed at Gottenburg where he was entertained by William Costel, a wealthy burgher of the town. There were also many other guests present to give the noted mystic honorable greeting.

"At six o'clock in the evening Swedenborg, who had gone out, returned to the drawing-room, pale and in great consternation, telling them that a bad fire had just broken out at Stockholm, in the Suderholm, on the street in which he lived, and that the flames were spreading rapidly toward his house. He went

out again and returned, lamenting that the house of one of his friends had been burnt to ashes, and that his own house was in the greatest danger. At eight o'clock, after having gone out a third time, he exclaimed joyfully, 'Thank God! the fire has been extinguished at the third house from mine.' " The news spread quickly through the city, causing a great deal of excitement, as the governor himself was much concerned about it, and many persons were uneasy who had property or friends in Stockholm. Two days later the royal courier brought the news of the conflagration from that city and there was no discrepancy between his account and that which had been given by Swedenborg. The fire had been extinguished about eight o'clock." The illustrious Kant writes of this event and adds: "What is there that can be alleged against the authenticity of this event?" Gottenberg is 125 miles from Stockholm.

Take another instance. In 1761 Madame de Marteville, widow of the Dutch ambassador at the court of Stockholm, was called on by one of her husband's creditors to pay the sum of twenty-five thousand Dutch florins (about $10,000,) which she knew had already been paid by her husband, and the second payment of which would place her in the greatest embarrassment, in fact almost ruin her. It was impossible for her to find the receipt. She paid a visit to Swedenborg and eight days afterwards saw in a dream her husband, who pointed out to her a piece of furniture where, he told her, she would find the lost receipt together with a hairpin studded with twenty diamonds, which she had thought to be lost also. This was at two o'clock in the morning. Overjoyed she arose and found the receipt in the place indicated as well as the jewel. She returned to bed and slept until nine in the morning. At about eleven o'clock Swedenborg was announced. Before having heard anything that had happened he told her that the previous night he had seen the spirit of her husband who had said to him that he (Marteville) was going to visit his widow.

NOTES.

Swedenborg foretold his own death a month or more before he passed away. In February, 1772, being in London he sent a note to John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist church, saying that he would be greatly gratified to make his acquaintance. The great preacher received this note just as he was about to set out on a mission, and answered that he would profit by this courteous invitation to pay the savant a visit on his return, which would be in about six weeks. Swedenborg replied that in such case they would never see each other in this world, as the 29th of the following month would be the day of his death. He died on the day predicted.

* * * * * * * * *

Napoleon, by the same spirit enlightenment, seemed to know that his was a charmed life on the battlefield. Although central in a storm of shot and shell at the Bridge of Lodi, no harm came to him, nor at Brienne where he heard the whistlings of ball and canister with composure. At Eylau and Borodino, and amid other scenes of carnage, he was within range of death dealing batteries, but emerged unhurt. At Waterloo cannon shot ricochetted about his personal stations, and musket balls cut the air in close proximity to his person, but he was reserved for another fate. When thus in danger he moved about in an atmosphere of seemingly unconcern, based in all likelihood on Spirit assurances that it was his destiny to not perish in the shock of conflict. At Toulon, in the beginning of his career, he received a bayonet thrust, the only injury ever sustained by him in the arena of arms.

* * * * * * * * *

Washington, from confidence born of od influence (as may well be believed,) had no fears of the dangers that confronted him on the battlefield. At Braddock's defeat he was in line of the hottest fire and presented a most conspicuous target, but escaped harm although two horses were shot under him and four bullets pierced his clothing. Possessed of a consciousness of

security imparted in a way to him unknown, he felt little fear in the conflicts of the Revolution in which he personally participated.

But why enlarge upon this question? Disembodied Souls have ever communed with incarnated beings regarding their welfare and fate, whether for good or the reverse, and will continue so to do up to the final hour of human extinction.

NOTE E, p. 50.—BRIGANDAGE IN ENGLAND.

Touching brigandage in England toward the close of the 17th century Macauley says:

"The peace of Ryswick (1697,) had, all over Europe, and nowhere more than in England, turned crowds of old soldiers into marauders. Several aristocratical equipages had been attacked even in Hyde Park. Every newspaper contained stories of travelers stripped, bound and flung into ditches. One day the British mail was robbed; another day the Dover coach; then the Norwich wagon. On Hounslow heath a company of horsemen with masks on their faces, waited for the great body of people who had been to pay their court to the King at Windsor. Lord Coulston escaped with the loss of two horses. The Duke of St. Albans, with the help of his servants, beat off the assailants. His brother, the Duke of Northumberland, less strongly guarded, fell into their hands. They succeeded in stopping thirty or forty coaches, and rode off with a great booty in guineas, watches and jewelry. Nowhere, however, does the peril seem to have been so great as on the Newmarket road. There indeed robbery was organized on a scale unparalleled in the kingdom since the days of Robin Hood and Little John. A fraternity of plunderers, thirty in number according to the lowest estimate, squatted near Waltham Cross, under the shades of Epping Forest, and built themselves huts, from which they sallied forth with sword and pistol to bid passengers stand. The

King and Tallard (the French Ambassador) were doubtless too well attended to be in jeopardy. But soon after they had passed the dangerous spot, there was a fight on the highway attended with loss of life. A warrant of the Lord Chief Justice broke up the Maroon village for a short time, but the dispersed thieves soon mustered again and had the impudence to bid defiance to the government in a cartel signed, it was said, with their real names. The civil power was unable to deal with this frightful evil. It was necessary that, during some time, cavalry should patrol every evening on the roads near the boundary between Middlesex and Essex."

Manifestly demoniacal possession was epidemic in those troublous days.

* * * * * * * * *

NOTE F, p. 72—THE EARTH'S POPULATION.

According to the best current statistical estimates the present population of the Earth approximates 1,600,000,000. The rate of increase is believed to be eight per cent. each decade, or eighty per cent. every hundred years. However, owing to the enforcement of sanitary laws it is probable there will be an augmentation of this per cent. in future years. Steady progress in the multiplying of the human race should be expected, basing such expectation on the showing of the following tables of estimates made during the last century, namely:

Volney in 1804 (number of people on the earth)..... 437,000,000
Pinkerton, 1805..... 700,000,000
Malte-Brun, 1810..... 640,000,000
Morse, 1812..... 766,000,000
Graberg v. Hemso, 1813..... 685,000,000
Balbi, 1816..... 704,000,000
Balbi, 1843..... 739,000,000

One statistician (vide *Watch Tower* brochure, 1907) estimates the whole number of human beings that have ever been

born on this mundane sphere at 28,441,126,838. And similar streams have been poured and are pouring into the Second Estate from numberless worlds throughout the Divine Empire.

Albeit, chimeras unduly whimsical are entertained by even scholarly minds regarding the capabilities of this earth to contribute to the spirit population of the Divine Holdings.

At a meeting of Methodist Episcopal ministers held in Pittsburg, Pa., April 27, 1903, Rev. E. L. Eaton, D. D., said:

"If the world's population had doubled each century for the past sixty—which seems a very reasonable estimate—the present population of the earth would be two and one-third quintillions of people. That would cover over the 50,000,000 of square miles of land surface on this globe with people as thickly as they could stand, 4,000 feet deep. If each were five feet high they would reach up into the sky nearly four miles. No doubt people enough have been born to make this number."*

October 29 of the same year Dr. Eaton, in a public debate at Carnegie Hall, Allegheny, Pa., placed the aggregate of humanity born the past 6,000 years at 98,098,300,000,000, a falling off from his first statement of 2,333,333,333,333,333,333.†

A more conservative inquirer in reviewing Dr. Eaton's figures declares that the whole number of people who have ever been born on our globe but slightly exceeds 28,000,000,000, and declares it as his conviction that these figures are double the actual number in all probability. He estimates, beginning after the flood with eight persons, that at about the time of Abraham, five centuries later, the earth's population was under 50,000; at the Exodus era, 14,241,744; in Solomon's time, 37,000,000; Nebuchadnezzar's, 82,000,000; at the beginning of the Christian era, 100,000,000; when the Roman Empire was at its zenith, 113,000,000; in time of Charlemagne (eighth century,) 227,000,000; in the year 1400, 456,000,000; in 1700, 911,000,000.

*_Watch Tower_ Brochure. †Ibid.

NOTES.

"These figures," says our estimator, who declares his wish to be liberal, "so far as we know, are greatly in excess of any reliable statistics." He adds: "We reckon the period from 1700 to 1800 at a twenty per cent. rate of increase, giving the population in 1800 at 1,093,759,039. For the century just closed, from the year 1800 to 1900, at an estimated increase of forty per cent. the showing should be 1,531,163,915."

It is held that a human being dies every second of time, or 86,400 every twenty-four hours, or over 31,500,000 every year. Even this number of Disembodied Souls pouring into space, augmented by similar hosts from millions of other earths, could never over-people immensity. God's Estates cannot be measured with a reed. There are suns in His Empire so remote that their light, traveling at the rate of 12,000,000 miles per minute, has not yet reached the earth! And it is not unreasonable to suppose that His dominions extend as far beyond these far away suns into Illimitable Depths, as is the immeasurable interval between them and the tiny ball which men call the earth. And as this expansiveness is continually broadening and lengthening by chaotic reclamations, there should be no fear as to the amplitude of the Almighty's Kingdom for the accommodation of all the generations of mankind that may appear in the coming ages.

NOTE G, p. 113.—DREAM REVELATIONS.

The foretelling of events and the unveiling of mysteries by dreams, are of frequent allusion in the annals of mankind. This fact, long since established beyond disputation, proves that the functions of the human understanding are sensitively susceptible to Phrenism* (thought force,) as exercised by Disembodied Souls. A remarkable case in which the corresponding dreams

*Compare note under word "Vital," in Webster's International Dictionary.

of two ladies led to the discovery of the whereabouts of the dead body of a missing boy, is herewith cited and will be read with interest.

The appended Associated Press dispatch bearing on the case, was published far and wide in the newspapers of the country under the date given:

LUDINGTON, MICH., June 24 (1907.)—As a result of the dreams of two Ludington ladies, the body of five years' old Ace Davis, who has been missing since June 13, was found tonight beneath two feet of sand, within a block of his home. A bank had caved in on the little boy while he was at play and the change in its contour was unnoticed while searching parties scoured the woods and dragged the river and lake for his body.

The place where the body was found is at the foot of a sand bank eight feet high.

Mrs. William (Celia) Hall and Mrs. Addison Brewster, who reside near the spot, dreamed that the body was lying somewhere in the sand beneath the bluff. Saturday night Mrs. Hall's dream was repeated and learning that Mrs. Brewster had had a dream similar to her own, she became convinced that the vision of the child's fate which had appeared so vividly to her, was a revelation. She talked the matter over with her husband and tonight he enlisted the aid of a neighbor and equipped with shovels they repaired to the sand bank where, after digging about ten minutes, they came upon the body which was badly decomposed. Coroner Carroll was summoned and empaneled a jury which found that the child's death was accidental.

Letters were addressed to Mesdames Hall and Brewster, inquiring whether the account as set forth in the dispatch was authentic. Their replies are subjoined:

(*From Mrs. Hall.*)

It is true that I dreamed where the body lay, but I only dreamed it once. The papers tell different stories. The little

boy's name was "Asa," not "Ace."

Respectfully, MRS. CELIA HALL.

Ludington, Mich., June 26, 1907.

(*From Mrs. Brewster.*)

Dear Sir: On the afternoon of the 13th, little A. C. Davis was seen playing in the neighborhood. He did not return for supper and when he did not return that night the parents were alarmed. The city and surrounding country were searched and the lake dragged but no trace could be found of the child. The night of the little one's disappearance Mrs. Hall dreamed that the child had been buried under the sand bank in our back yard, at the corner of Washington Avenue and Melinda street. Not being a believer in dreams she took no notice of it.

The next week I returned from a visit and was told of the disappearance of the child. That same night I, too, had a vision in which I saw little A. C.'s body in the sand bank. The next morning I told Mrs. Hall and we were really startled over the coincidence, and at once importuned Mr. Hall to verify our suspicions. He had dug only a few minutes when he discovered the little child's head. Coroner Carroll and Undertaker Magmer were summoned and the body was taken to the undertaking parlors.

The parents are heartbroken but still are relieved to have definite knowledge of their little child's fate. It was feared he had been stolen.

MRS. ADDISON BREWSTER,
Ludington, Mich.,
509 Washington Avenue.

Such is the work of brain-intrant Spirits.

Further corroboration of the influence of Spirits in controlling the visions of sleep may be found in the telegram below, which appeared in The Detroit Daily Journal of July 16, 1907:

NOTES.

NEW YORK, July 16 (1907.)—A remarkable psychic experience has been undergone by the Rev. Henry Rollings, now taking a special course in the New York Homeopathic Medical College. He saw in a vision (dream) the death of his father, although the father was 3,000 miles away in Bedfordshire, England, at the time. Moreover, the deathbed scene, as the young clergyman saw it, was corroborated in every detail in a letter received two weeks later.

Rev. Mr. Rollings came to America after being ordained in England and for awhile was curate of St. Andrew's parish, of Rochester, N. Y., of which the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey was then rector.

The young clergyman says that after a particularly arduous day he threw himself on his bed exhausted and fell into a sleep from which he was awakened by a vivid picture. He saw his father as distinctly as he ever saw him in his life and heard him call, "My boy, my boy, I am dying."

His father, he says was lying in a bed in a room which he did not recognize, but knew from the furnishings to be English. He saw all of his relatives there except his sister, and he wondered in his vision why she was absent. He saw his father sink back on the bed and he knew for a certainty, he says, "although it was not an act of sensibility" he was performing, that his father was dead.

The letter from England a fortnight later said that Mr. Rollings died on the exact day and at the exact hour that the younger Rollings had had his death pictured to him. Not only that, the letter said the elder Rollings said just before he passed away that he could see his son standing by the bedside. The strange room in the vision was explained by the statement that the family had moved from the old homestead to another house in Bedfordshire, and the absence of the sister from the room was explained by the statement that at the time she was ill.

NOTES.

A note of inquiry as to the reliability of the above dispatch was addressed to the Rev. Henry Rollings, which elicited the following reply:

Dear Sir:

The account is correct save that I do not know that my father saw me. The letter I received two weeks later stated that while dying he said, "My poor Henry! My poor Henry!"

I would answer more fully but my hand will not allow of my writing much. I am just recovering from sickness and ask that you pardon this brief answer.

HENRY ROLLINGS.

New York.

In *The Michigan Catholic* of July 11, 1907, appears the following statement:

"A premonition which came to Father Rowan of Evansville, Indiana, in a dream at three o'clock last Friday morning, saved the new St. Joseph school building from being totally destroyed by fire. He says a feeling that he never before experienced came over him, and that he hurriedly got up and looking from the window saw the school building on fire. He turned in an alarm and the fire department succeeded in saving the building from destruction. The loss is about $4,000, and the building cost $15,000. The school was to have been dedicated Sunday. Firemen discovered coal oil in the building and believe the fire was of incendiary origin."

The Michigan Catholic is published in Detroit, Michigan, and is one of the most prominent organs of its denomination in the West. As may well be believed *The Catholic*, which is noted for its candor and conservatism, would not have given the above account a place in its columns had it entertained the least doubt as to its authenticity.

NOTES.

NOTE H, p. 113.—SPIRIT APPEARANCES.

Apparitions, or the spirit forms of people who have entered the Second Estate, have appeared to mortals during all past ages and continue to be seen in these latter years.

When Christ yielded up the ghost the Sacred Record says that sundry dead came forth from their graves. The meaning intended probably is, that the apparitions or souls of such dead, materialized to a degree that made them visible and even recognizable by mortal vision, and as it was known they had passed away their reappearance was attributed to their coming forth from their graves. There is little likelihood that decayed flesh and bony frames, or even the very recent dead, stepped forth from their sepulchres in their cerements and walked the earth, as an unthinking reader or superficial reasoner might conclude or believe.

The spectre in Brutus's tent was simply a Spirit and like all Spirits endowed with prescience and capable of fathoming futurity. Hence the warning to the red-handed conspirator of his impending fate at Philippi, which warning need not be held as a menace notwithstanding the declaration, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus!" Brutus died by his own hand and not by supernatural violence, for, as is set forth in the body of this work, Spirits never do physical harm to human creature.

Who can say that the apparition which confronted the ill-starred assassin was not that of Julius Caeser himself? It may well be apprehended that the great Roman would have taken a morbid pleasure in thus conveying to his enemy the information that the latter's death was near at hand.

The appearance of the shade of the Prophet Samuel to King Saul, is evidence that when a man dies he shall live again.

Orthodox religionists no longer deny that the Spirits of the dead frequent the earth and visit the living. Rev. H. W. Gelston, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, a Presbyterian divine, widely

known for his scholastic attainments and magnetic pulpit power, declared in a funeral discourse that "the Spirits of those who have passed away are undoubtedly, all about us!" Albeit, he was alleged to thus have spoken, and in order to make assurance doubly sure a note of inquiry was addressed to him which brought the following reply:

Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 17, 1908.

Dear Mr. Carleton:

I presume I used the remark you quote, for it is my belief. There is much inferential teaching in Scripture leading to that conclusion. I have, too, long been a student of the work of the Society of Physical Research in England and America, and in my judgment they have demonstrated the fact.

F. W. H. Meyers was secretary of the English society for many years. He wrote before his death a large two-volume work about the investigations and discoveries of the society. The title is, "The Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." It is somewhat technical and scientific, but very interesting and in my judgment conclusive. The facts demonstrate the truth of my remark. Our friends at death simply pass into a different condition and do not necessarily go away, although they are not confined here. Affection and interest naturally keep them near us much of the time, for that world is as natural as this.

Very truly yours,

H. W. GELSTON.

The habits of exhaustive thought of this gifted man, his broad intelligence and clear understanding, his ontological bent and right conception of spiritual metaphysics, all give unusual weight to his sentiments and entitle them to the marked respect of candid minds. And, by the way, his views are not indifferent pabulum for the atheist.*

* A distinguished German scholar who had devoted his faculties to what he claimed to be the demonstration of atheism, came consistently to his death-

NOTES.

NOTE I, p. 119.—THE VAST EXPANSES OF SPACE.

Space is without boundary limitations and consequently beyond finite comprehension. Even our own planetary system is, in extent, appalling to the mind. Neptune, our outermost planet, is so remote from our sun which holds it in gravitational leash, that a cannon ball flying toward it from the earth at a velocity of 500 miles an hour, would hardly reach it in 600 years. And yet this far away body is within arm's reach as compared to the proximity of suns in other systems.

Hon. Edward W. Barber, of Jackson, Mich., a brilliant journalist, essayist and marvel of book lore, in his "Meditations and Gleanings" says:

"Some illustrations of what is known concerning the distances of the stars are given by Sir Robert Ball, as he makes special use of certain recent advances in science, whereby knowledge of the subject has been greatly extended. . . The great majority of the stars are situated at distances so enormous that it is utterly hopeless to attempt to determine how far away they are. . . The speed of an electric current is used as an illustration. . . The actual velocity attained in telegraphic practice varies according to circumstances. The electrician, however, knows that even when all the circumstances are most favorable, the speed of a current along the wire could never exceed 180,000 miles a second. We shall employ this maximum speed as the velocity of electricity in our present illustration.

bed. He was prepared, he said, to prove out of the expiring sparks of his own life that it must become a quenched and blackened flame. He observed the processes of dissolution calmly, with the long habit of the scientific method. Friends, themselves unbelieving and unhoping, stood about him, waiting to catch the last flicker of defiance from a soul to its God. For some hours he had lain unexpectedly silent and with eyes closed. He had very dark, large eyes, piercing and powerful. Suddenly he opened them, and from their caverns shot out a fire before which the coldest scoffer in the room shrank back. With a loud voice the old scholar cried out:

"There is another world!" and fell upon his pillow, dead.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

NOTES.

"A message to the moon!—is this within the scope of our comprehension? We know that our satellite is, comparatively speaking, so near to us that only a little more than a second would be required for an electric signal to travel thither from the earth. The sun is however, many times further away than the moon, and the time required for sending a message to the sun would be correspondingly longer. The sun is indeed so far away that when the key had been pressed down and the electric wave had shot forth along the solar wire to pursue its route at the tremendous speed which would permit it to place a girdle seven times around the earth in a second of time, yet eight minutes would elapse ere the electric wave, notwithstanding its inconceivable velocity, had passed from the earth to the sun.

"Telegraphing to the stars would be a much more tedious matter. Take first the very nearest of those twinkling points of light, namely, Alpha Centauri. The transmission of a telegraphic message to this distant sun would indeed tax the patience of all concerned. The key is pressed down, the circuit is complete, the message wings its way along the wire with that velocity sufficient to carry it 180,000 miles in a single second of time. Even this, the nearest of the stars, is sunk in space to a distance so overwhelming that the time required for the journey is not a question of seconds, for no less than four years would have to pass before the electricity, trembling along the wire with its unapproachable speed, had accomplished this stupendous journey. Alpha Centauri is, however, merely the nearest of these stars. We have yet to indicate the distances of those which are more remote.

"Look up at night toward the heavens and among the thousands of twinkling points which delight our eyes there is many a one so far off that if, after the battle of Waterloo had been won in 1815, the Duke of Wellington had telegraphed the news to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there, notwithstanding that for more than ninety years

it has been flashing along with that lightning velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in the interval between the ticks of a clock.

"Over our heads there are stars so remote that if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus had been circulated far and wide through the Universe by the instrumentality of the telegraph, these thousands of stars are elevated in boundless space to altitudes so stupendous that the announcement would not yet have reached them.

"And we have still one more step to take. Let us think of the telegraph wire that is supposed to run from the earth to one of those stars which are only known to us by the impressions they make on a photographic plate. It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the Glad Tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, over nineteen hundred years ago, had been disseminated through the Universe by the swiftest electric current ever known, yet those stars are so inconceivably remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the years of our present era, would not have sufficed for the journey.

"And seeing that space seems to us to be infinite, what wonder is it, as Sir Robert Ball says, if stars should lie at the distances named, or at distances millions of times greater still?"

The astronomer Mitchell in his "Planetary and Stellar Worlds," says of the Great Nebular in Orion:

"The distance and magnitude of this object absolutely overwhelm the mind. In case light be not absorbed in its journey through the celestial spaces, the light of the Nebula of Orion cannot reach the earth in less than sixty thousand years, with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in every minute of time, and yet this object may be seen from this stupendous distance even by the naked eye! What, then, must be its dimensions? Here, indeed, we behold an universe of itself, too vast for the imagination to grasp, and yet so remote as to appear a faint spot on the sky."

NOTES.

NOTE J, p. 179.—BURYING ALIVE.

The manner of sepulture described as prevailing among the nations of Idolicum was, at least, an assurance against burying human beings alive. There is little doubt that in every part of the world and among all nations many a mortal has been, and continues to be, given to the grave before life is extinct. A person thus fated, on regaining consciousness and there comes upon him a realization that he is in his coffin six feet below ground, with absolutely no hope of release, must be overwhelmed with an indescribable despair.

Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," mentions a certain patrician family of that state who resorted to an extraordinary but effective means to prevent the interment alive of their near of kin. After death had been declared by the attending physician, the corpse was coffined for seventy-two hours, or three days, then, should there be an absence of all manifestations of life, the oldest male relative struck a dagger through the heart of the deceased. Thus dissolution was doubly assured before the remains were committed to the tomb.

The late Captain Thomas H. Botham, of St. Joseph, Michigan,* an Englishman by birth and over seventy years ago a soldier in the service of his native country, informed the writer of these pages that a relative on his mother's side was a subaltern and in barracks with his company or regiment, on the Island of St. Helena in 1840, when the remains of the great Napoleon were exhumed for transportal to France. This man, with other English officers, witnessed the disinterment and followed the procession and the bier from the grave to the pile of buildings where the ex-Emperor aforetime resided. The coffin was placed on a table in a large apartment and then the marines who had officiated as pall bearers were bidden to retire.

*Captain Botham died March 24, 1904, in his 92d year.

NOTES

General Count Bertrand, a life long intimate of Napoleon and acting chief of the French Expedition, having dismissed all but two or three persons from the room, threw off the pall and attempted to open the coffin. The receptacle had been in the ground nineteen years and emitted a peculiar, musty odor. Encountering difficulty in disengaging the lid, as cement had been used in sealing the coffin, the Count appeared at the door, which had been unceremoniously left ajar, as was thought, and called out in a general way for some implement suitable for loosening the cover. A chisel was lying on the window ledge near the speakers, who picked it up and carried it into the room. The tool was put to use, but the top still resisting, the British officer volunteered his assistance, when by main strength the front hinged section was forced upward from its place. The sight revealed caused General Bertrand, with a vehement, "Mon Dieu!" to slam the lid back into place again.

The brief glimpse showed that the occupant of the coffin was lying on his face, his winding sheet was rent to tatters, and the feathery down of the torn pillow upon which the head had rested was mingled with handfuls of hair scattered over the inverted shoulders and down the back.

It was plain the great Captain had been buried alive!

There were but two or three other persons in the room, as already explained, and General Bertrand, with tears stealing down his face, begged that they would ever regard the terrible spectacle as a secret not to be told or whispered to mortal ear.

However, Captain Botham was informed that the matter by no means found at least, immediate oblivion. His kinsman, after retiring from the army, resided for quite a long period in Paris, and while there was surprised to learn that the old pensioners of the *Hotel des Invalides* had become possessed of rumors that some dire misfortune had overtaken their idol at the close of his life at St. Helena.

Moreover, there was noised in certain quarters echoes of delirium from the death-bed of General Bertrand of the import that the fiercest of all of Napoleon's battles was his horrible fight with Death in his grave under the willows of Longwood in St. Helena. Such outbursts, presumably, were heeded only to a limited degree. They were doubtless regarded as the mere fancies of a disordered brain.

It is a matter of history that the long illness of Napoleon preceding his death, was occasioned by cancer of the stomach. The disease was suspected by his physician, the celebrated Dr. Antomarchi of the University of Pisa, the accuracy of whose diagnosis was established by a post mortem.

When the horrible discovery revealed by the opening of the coffin became whispered about among the British medical officers on the island, a hypothesis was settled upon to account for the premature interment. Napoleon was an epileptic and it was thought a rational conjecture that while prostrated by an attack of that disease he had relapsed from the convulsions incident thereto into a coma so profound as to be undistinguishable from death. While in this condition he was subjected to surgery, of itself at such a conjuncture not fatal, and unhappily consciousness did not return until after he had been consigned to the grave.

NOTE K, p. 198.—THE FUTURE LIFE. OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

John Quincy Adams.

John Quincy Adams was approaching his ninetieth year, when one day while strolling under his trees, staff in hand, a neighbor accosted him thus:

"May I inquire, how is John Quincy Adams today?"

The venerable statesman replied:

"John Quincy Adams is well, thank you. The house he lives in is getting old. Its walls are trembling, its foundations

are insecure, its ornaments are fading, and every wind that blows makes its roof shake, and John Quincy Adams must soon move out. But Mr. Adams himself is quite well, I thank you."

Robert Browning.

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be;
The last, for which the first was made."

Victor Hugo.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the Soul is nothing but resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: "I have finished my day's work," but cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again in the morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens with the dawn."

Sir Walter Scott.

The young lady, in her turn, had drawn back when the doctor approached his patient. "You see how it is with him," said the doctor addressing me. "I have heard our poor friend in one of the most eloquent of his pleadings, give a description of this very disease (age imbecility,) which he compared to the

tortures inflicted by Mezentius, when he chained the dead to the living. The soul, he said, is imprisoned in its dungeon of flesh, and though retaining its natural and inalienable properties, can no more exert them than the captive enclosed within a prison-house can act as a free agent."—*Chronicles of the Canongate*, Chap. 1, p. 8.

Thomas Carlyle.

Carlyle, the hypochondriac, the cynic, discrediting both Sense and Faith, made his Cave of Gloom echo with wailings of this order:

"Like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprints of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."



